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LIFE AND BATTLES OF JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country, in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Come all ye lads of *milling* fame,
That seek renown in story;
And wish to gain a hero's name
For pugilistic glory!
I sing of ONE NE'RE YET OUTDONE
By Saxon, Dane, or Vandal,
Nay, may be deem'd Old Hector's son—
That fighting cock, JACK RANDALL.
Oh, Jack Randall!
The *flooring* boy, Jack Randall!
With heart and voice,
The Faney's choice,
The conquering Jack Randall!

Highly as we might have praised the Nonpareil, not more, we trust, than he deserved as a pugilist of extraordinary pretensions, he has, notwithstanding, added considerable to his milling reputation. It happens to the lot of few, very few boxers indeed, to quit the Prize Ring, however successful, without having experienced defeat. Randall has most certainly realized for himself that flattering event, nay more, we never heard that in any of his skirmishes victory had ever deserted him. It is also due to Randall to observe, that he did not take his leave of the ring in a precipitate manner, but, on the contrary, he gave a public challenge to fight any one of his weight for £500 a-side. He also reduced the sum to £300, and left an open space of two months, in order that it might come within the reach of any boxer, whose friends felt an inclination to take up the challenge. It was thought by the most experienced amateurs, that Randall had a right to make a stand at £300.

In the short period of four years, he won, in the highest style of excellence, 12 battles; and it is said, that with the presents he received, in addition to the battle moneys, the sum amounted to upwards of £1200. But Randall was of too generous a disposition to grow rich. In fact, he wanted experience; and it seems, in rendering of services, and spending his money amongst what are termed "friends," Randall found himself not altogether unlike the Jack Tars of Old England, "who earn their money like horses, and then spend it like asses," and who ultimately are compelled to go to sea for more. So it was with the Nonpareil, after his first three or four battles, that he again turned into the prize ring to procure a fresh supply of "blunt." But at length, Propriety whispered to Randall, that he had a wife to take care of, and he might also have a small family to provide for; but, above all, that a man connot fight all his life and be successful. There is a time for all things. Randall, it appears, felt the necessity of these remarks, and acted accordingly. A public-house at length presented itself, the sign of the "Hole in the Wall," Chancery-lane, and Randall opened it with a sporting dinner, under the patronage of his friend General Barton, and Mr. Jackson officiated as the president.

The amateurs had it in contemplation to present Randall with a piece of silver plate, as a token of their estimation of his courage and talents as a boxer; but, upon reconsidering the subject, "a pipe of wine," it was thought, might be of more essential service to him, as a young beginner in his character of a publican, than placing an ornamental cup in his bar to look at.

Randall, it will be seen, is not a precise fighter, as to stated periods; nor does he stand upon niceties, but is at all times ready for a brush, and is equally as good and as decisive in a room, as his getting away qualities are conspicuous in the ring.

BOXING EXTRAORDINARY.

The superlative milling qualities possessed by the "prime Irish lad" were again most decidedly witnessed in a turn-up with M'Carthy, on Monday evening, April 6, 1818, as they were relaxing their cares at Tom Reynold's Free and Easy club, in Drury Lane, where the conduct of M'Carthy was considered to operate in an opposite degree towards realizing harmony, and was in consequence promptly called to "order" by Randall. M'Carthy, who is a stone heavier than Randall, defied his power, accompanied with some marks of contempt; and argument not being the forte of either of the men, an appeal to the laws of honor was immediately decided upon, as the fairest and quickest mode of putting an end to the dispute in question. The formalities of the ring were adhered to, notwithstanding the confined space of the room; and seconds and bottle-holders were also not wanting. In the course of fifteen rounds, occupying twenty-five minutes, the nob of McCarthy was so chanceried, that "the fight" was completely hit out of him. One of Randall's peepers was rather blackened, but in other respects he retired from the contest scarcely any thing the worse for the row. The head of McCarthy was truly terrific—he had not the slightest chance towards victory. Harmony was at length restored—the clouds were quickly again in operation—the chaunts too, throwed off in all the gaiety of "a bit of life"---a drop of blue-ruin obliterated all thoughts of the *interregnum* which had occurred, and the lads of the fancy concluded the evening with all the happiness of the old adage; "Why should we quarrel for riches?" &c.

To conquer Randall seemed the enviable object of all the light weights; and a new customer accordingly offered himself, of the name of Burke, from Woolwich, for 100 guineas a side. He was a fine, strong young man, taller than Randall, and possessing great confidence in his own abilities. Burke was also thought highly of by the officers at Woolwich, from the capabilities he had displayed in two or three bouts, and he was backed without any hesitation whatever; indeed, his friends had quite made up their minds as to his success. Equally so did the partizans of Randall; but, as to himself, he viewed this contest with the most perfect indifference; in fact, victory appeared so easy to him, that it might be urged, he did not undergo the usual preparation of training. The day at length arrived, Tuesday, June 16, 1818, when the battle was to have been fought at Moulsey Hurst, but the magistrates interfered. Combe Wood was the next bit of turf selected for the contest to take place, when a second interruption occurred from the presence of the beaks. However, this dilemma was soon got rid of, and the parties made the best of their way towards Wimbledon Common, followed by the anxious cavalcade. The ring was made almost in a twinkling, and Burke, followed by Oliver and Clarke, as his seconds, entered the ropes, and threw up his hat. Randall almost immediately repeated the token of defiance, attended by Paddington Jones and Dick Whele. Seven to four on Randall.

First round. Burke appeared an active, fine young man, on stripping, and seemed also in good condition. He was anxious to go to work, and soon let fly: Randall also turned to, and, in closing, the prime Irish lad got his opponent's canister under his arm, and he served it out, as a clown in a fair operates on a salt box, and, when tired, he threw Burke. Rare chaffing from the Murphies, and 2 to 1. Why, it's Crow street Theater to a puppet-show.

Second. Burke was not quite so eager, and found more caution and a little sparring necessary. Randall again felt for his nob, when the *claret* peeped, and first blood was declared for the nonpareil. In closing, both down.

Third. This was a short round, Burke falling from a slight hit.

Fourth. Burke could not protect his nob; in fact, it was in complete chancery, and he had no idea of getting it out. His head was quite altered; and in a close, both down, but Burke undermost.

Fifth. More chancery practice on the part of Randall, and he played off upon his opponent's nob, without any return. Randall again got Burke down.

Sixth. This was a severe milling round; and Burke showed Randall that he must not be treated with contempt; or else, he might prove a dangerous customer. Burke again went down in a close, and was almost undermost.

Seventh. Randall stopped well, but he did not display himself to so much advantage as in his previous contest; and he appeared more bent upon running in, and pulling his opponent down, than from decisive hitting. Both down, but Burke undermost.

Eighth. All fighting; and Burke, it was thought, had rather the best of it.

Ninth. Burke, very cautious, tried to make the most of his science, but went down.

Tenth. This was a sort of scrambling round, catching hold of each other, and Randall had not only the worst of it but, in closing, was down and undermost. The Woolwich boys were all alive, and gave Burke a lift by singing out, "Burke for ever, and you'll win it now, if you mind what you're arter."

Eleventh. This round consisted principally in sparring and hugging, till Burke was thrown.

Twelfth. Confidence in a boxer, is a most essential requisite; but he ought always to be prepared for his enemy. No strange pugilist ought to be looked indifferently upon, as he may, in the trial, turn out a good one. Burke was rather a difficult man to be got at, from his length and height, and therefore, it seems, accounts for so much hugging. Burke was thrown.

Thirteenth. Similar to the last; and disapprobation expressed by the spectators.

Fourteenth. Randall, in closing, got his opponent's nob upon the fibbing system, but Burke gained the throw, and Randall was undermost.

Fifteenth. Randall did not make a hit, but rushed in, and got Burke undermost.

Sixteenth. Of a similar description.

Seventeenth. After a few exchanges of no importance, Randall put in a tremendous hit on the neck of Burke, and he went down. (Applause.)

Eighteenth. In this round, if Burke did not absolutely frighten the friends of Randall, he convinced them he was a better man than they took him to be. The *Nonpareil* put in a heavy hit on his opponent's nob, which Burke tremendously returned with interest upon Randall. The former also put in four heavy hits on Randall's head without receiving any return. In closing, a sharp struggle occurred, till both went down. This altered the face of things a little, and the betting dropped. The Woolwich boys were all shouting at the success of their hero.

Nineteenth. Quite unexpected, Burke had also the best of this round. In a sort of hugging close, both went down. Great shouting for Burke.

Twentieth. Randall now went to work sharply, and gave his opponent a tremendous facer; but Burke returned the compliment with interest. Some sharp hits also occurred, till both went down. 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on Randall.

Twenty-first. Burke resorted to science, but his nob was again in chancery; and the punishment it exhibited was terrific. In closing, both down.

Twenty-second. It was evident now that Burke was going—he appeared extremely weak, and went down from a slight hit. "It's all your own, Jack," and 4 to 1, but no takers.

Twenty-third and last. Randall seemed as if he was determined to wind up the contest with a grand *climax*. The already punished head of Burke again received three additional tremendous hits upon it, that gave it the *roly-poly*; and, in closing, Randall threw his opponent with the utmost indifference. When time was called, Burke could not come, on account, it was said, of his having dislocated his shoulder. It was over in three quarters of an hour.

The above contest did not exactly please the friends of Randall. It was thought he had been rather too careless, or that he entertained too light an opinion of his opponent. He, however, made some skillful stops, which were much admired; but it was said, he won the fight more from throwing, in the first instance, than from his usual method of hitting. It should be taken into consideration, that Randall had something to do in getting at his opponent, who possessed the superiority of length of arm and height of stature. Burke also proved himself a good and confident boxer; and in all probability, he would have fought for several rounds more, if his collar-bone had not been dislocated. Randall, as usual, retired from the ring with scarcely a scratch about his face.

(To be continued)

☞ There are thirteen synagogues and about 30,000 Jews in this city.

Bell's Life, Nov. 6.

The English Ring.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 7. Looney Harris and John Tagg, £10 a side, London.

Nov. 8. Gill and Donnelly, £20 a side, Liverpool

Nov. 10. Hazeltine and Brown, £50 a side, London; altered from the 11th.

Nov. 15. Jones and Hayes, £200 a side, London.

Nov. 16. Keefe and Tyler, £25 a side, London.

Nov. 29. J. Baker and Young Knooker, £10 a side, London.

Fight prevented between Calligan of Newcastle and M'Dermott, for £25 a side.—Both men made their appearance in the ring by their stipulated time, at Whitewell Bottoms, near Clapham, in Yorkshire, but the police came there from Preston with instruction to pursue the combatants wherever they went. It was therefore useless to persist in fighting on Tuesday, and consequently Calligan and M'Dermot very prudently disappeared. The stakeholder at Preston will not give up the money until fairly won or lost by a fight, therefore these Emeralders may as well make their minds up and contend on Tuesday in the same ring as Donnelly and Gill.

Fenighty and Riley.—This little affair, for £10 a side, did not come off this week, for Fenighty on going to scale was found to be over the stipulated weight. They have, however, arranged matters, and for £3 10s Fenighty will be allowed an extra pound in weight over the 6st 13lb, and they are to weigh at Brunton's, the Bell, Red Lion Market, Whitecross street, to morrow, (Monday,) between twelve and two, and fight on Tuesday.

Brown and Hazeltine.---There was a strong muster at Jemmy Shaw's, on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the last deposit for this fight, for £50 a side, which is to come off on Thursday next, instead of Friday, the day originally fixed. It has also been agreed to have a trip per rail, and the time and whereabouts can be known, at Shaw's, on Wednesday next, and also at Mr. Wallace's, Moore's, Mr. Vassar's, Mr. Wybrow's, and Dinsmore's. Brown will be at Shaw's on Wednesday night, and Hazeltine at Mr. Moore's, Rose and Crown court, Moorfields.

Bob Wade and Caunt's Big-un.---These men met last Tuesday evening at Jemmy Shaw's, to make a further deposit; but the young-un not being prepared with the needful, was compelled to forfeit. A friend of Shaw, L. S., Esq., being present, and sorry for his disappointment, has left £10 in the hands of Shaw, for the young-un to fight any other novice for £10 or £15 and a purse, in the same ring as Brown and Hazeltine, or any other time. Money ready at Shaw's, next Wednesday evening.

Keefe and Tyler.—A further deposit of £2 10s a side for this fight was made at Mr. Miller's, Green Man, Newcastle street, Whitechapel, on Wednesday; and the last of the like amount is to be effected at Mr. Vassar's, Green Dragon, Half moon street Bishopsgate, on Wednesday next. Tyler is in close training at Mr. Hibbert's, the Old Windmill, Hadley Common, where he wishes to see as many friends as can make it convenient to call there.

John Baker and Young Knocker have signed articles to fight for £10 a side or upwards, on the 29th inst., within 50 miles of London. We have received the first and second deposit, and another of £1 10s a side is to be made at Mr. Hiam's, Lamb street, Spitafields, on Tuesday next. The men are not to exceed 8st. Baker takes a benefit at Mr. Smith's Halifax Arms, Sheet street, Mile End, on Tuesday evening next. The wind-up will be between Baker and Horrigan.

Crockett and Noon were to have met at Dan Dismore's, Smart's buildings, on Monday night last, to make the £1 a side down into £10 a side, and draw up articles, but Noon did not attend, therefore Crocket claims forfeit. He has left 5*l* in Dismore's hands, to make a match according to Noon's challenge, at 9st 7lb, for 100*l* a side, to fight in ten or twelve weeks, and weigh the day before fighting.

Gill and Donnelly.—The last deposit for this "mill" was made good at Searle's Crosshall street, Whitechapel, Liverpool. The toss was won by one of Donnelly's backers, and the place of meeting is to be named at Searle's this evening, (6th inst.) We shall be happy to hear from Mr. F. of Christian street, on the subject to which he refers.

Robinson and Noolan.—George Robinson of Manchester, (brother to the Ebony Phenomenon,) and James Noolan of Liverpool are matched to fight for 15*l* a side, but, as we have not the articles, we cannot say when it is to come off. Searles has received 7*l*, which he states he was too late to post in time for us to receive before we went to press.

Jemmy Welsh has received 3*l* a side for a fight between two novices, for 25*l* a side; and the parties are to meet at his house, the George, East Harding street, Farringdon Market, on Wednesday evening next, between eight and ten, to draw up articles—either not attending to forfeit.

Hayes and Jones.—The last deposit for this fight is to be made at the Rising Sun, Air street, Piccadilly, on Tuesday night week, when no doubt there will be a numerous assemblage at "Burly Jem's."

Hawkes of Birmingham says he is surprised that M'Nulty should challenge him to fight for £50 a side, when he had repeatedly told him he would not do so under £100 a side, and, in order to prove if M'Nulty really wishes for the match, he will fight him at his own weight, 8st 12 lb, for £100, and weigh the morning before fighting; to come off in four months from the first deposit. Or he will fight Barry at 9st 2lb, and weigh the morning of fighting, for the like sum. The fight to come off in the London district, provided either party will give £10 on one week's notice as to place of fighting. If neither be accepted, Hawkes will fight Ben Caunt's man, at 9st, and weigh the morning of fighting, or any other man (bar Jerry Noon) at 9st, for the like amount and terms. The Editor of Bell's Life to be stakeholder, to whom, if a deposit of £5 is sent, and articles to Hawkes, at the Royal Oak, Wittin-street, Ganum-lane, Birmingham, the deposit will be covered and a match made.

Joseph Hoyles (the Spider) says Enoch Horridge's cousin got on the stage at Manchester, and challenged him at catch weght, for £100 a side, but when he went the night after to accept it he could not get him to make a match. Hoyles will fight him at his own weight, for £100 or £200 a side, and give £10 for it to come off in the London district. He will be at Solid Coates's, Old Crown, Lower Tower-street, Birmingham, this evening, 16th inst., to meet his friends, and exhibit his belt.

Mr. Durell of the Ship, Green-street, has a man, who never fought for more than £10, he will match against Bendop, for £15 a side, at 10 1-5st. Man and money ready at the above houses, on Monday evening, between eight and ten o'clock,

Henry Poulson of Nattingham will fight any man in England, bar the Tipton Slasher and Nobby Clarke, for 100*l* a side, to come off in three months from the first deposit. The money is ready at the Mason's Arms, Glasshouse-st., Nottingham, or Ben Caunt's.

W. Scott will back Chas. Scott (brother to Jemmy from Town) to fight any novice at 7st 12lb, for 10*l* a side. A match can be made at the Queen's Head, West Ham, on Monday evening. He will back him against Knocker, Baker of Mile End, or Hall of Limehouse.

Mike Madden hearing that Jem Parker wishes to fight him and not Sayers, he (Madden) will fight him at his own weight, 16st 7lb, for 50*l* a side. Man and money ready any night next week, at Jemmy Welsh's, or a deposit left at our office will be immediately covered by Madden.

Nobby Clarke considers that 100*l* is quite sufficient to fight for the Companionship, but had he friends to support him he would fight for any amount. He will make a match with any man in the world, for 100*l* a side.

J. South well says he knows nothing about the challenge that appeared in our last paper for O'Brien to fight Madden or Reid, nor does he wish to have anything to do with pugilism at present, as he has something better to attend to.

Patsy Clay of Nottingham, hearing that Charles Mallett of London wishes to fight him, Clay will accommodate him for 50*l* a side, and take expenses to fight in the London district.

Fike Burns (a novice of London) will fight young Gilham of Brighton, for 10*l* or 20*l* a side, at catch weight. To be heard of at G. Brown's, Lower Whitecross-street.

Ben Caunt has a novice that will fight any man that has never fought in tho P. R. for 10*l* or 20*l*, weight 7st 12lb.

For the New-York Clipper.

Taking French Leave at Rio.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

BY GAME.

It was Christmas evening, and as I sat on deck with my humble meal of biscuit and water in my hand, and cast many a longing look towards the city, where everything seemed mirth and revelry, for even the poor negro slaves had liberty on that day, I bitterly contrasted my present meal with the mammoth turkey and attendant good things that would be demolished that day in my far off home among the limestone hills of Pennsylvania. And these are the pleasures of a sailor's life, thought I. This, the boasted American Navy, the thoughts of which had, from my childhood, caused my heart to throb and pulse to beat quick, at the mere recital of the deeds done under its flag; but my reflections were speedily cut short by the shrill pipe and hoarse cry of the boatswain's mate of "away, third cutter, away!" I hurried below, and, handing my untouched meal to the cook of the mess, was soon at my place in the boat. The officers descended the gang-way, the order to "let fall and give way" was given, and we were gliding off swiftly towards the shore. The officers were all in high-glee, for they were going ashore to attend a ball, and were calculating on having a pleasant night of it. We landed them and waited a few moments to take off any others that might wish to go aboard—for we were the sun-down boat---and then started back for the ship. But I had got a glimpse of the gaily-dressed crowd that thronged the wharf, and my ears were ringing with the din of innumerable instruments, from the splendid brass band of the Emperor, to the simple banjo or wild conch shell of the delighted slaves; who, knowing that they had liberty for that day, were making the most of it.

I silently tugged away at my oar, but bitterfeelings were at work in my breast, and when we got aboard again, I went forward and told some of my messmates that I was going to swim ashore that night, let the consequences be what they might. But they only laughed at the idea of getting ashore at the distance we lay from it, and were astonished to hear me talking of such a thing, for, be it remembered, I was but a boy, and had never been identified with any of their arrangements for smuggling rum aboard, or concerned with any of their other pecadilloes, and was consequently considered "small potatoes." However, hey soon saw I was in earnest, and presently one of my messmates stepped up and said he would go with me, and immediately after another said he would go also, and as any more would be apt to attract too much attention, we three concluded to commence making our preparations immediately.

In the meantime night had closed in, the hammocks were piped down, and all was still, save now and then when some enthusiastic old "tar," listening to some marvellous yarn in the forecastle, would break the silence by giving vent to his highly wrought feelings in an expression somewhat more emphatic than choice. I went below, and taking off my shoes and putting on a pair of dungaree trousers in place of the heavy ones I then wore, I was soon prepared for my aquatic excursion.

It had just struck 4 bells as we silently glided through the hawse from the berth deck, having fastened a hammock lashing to the cable, by which we were enabled to drop noiselessly into the water, and steadying ourselves by the cable one after the other until we were all down safe, we held a consultation and concluded as the ship lay broadside to the shore that we would run less risk of being seen by the sentinels on deck, if we were to strike out from the bow and swim ahead until we were out of seeing distance. We did so, and it was the correct plan, for after we were a few yards from the vessel, the awning, which was spread at night to protect the men from the dew, prevented any one from seeing us.

I took the lead and was astonished to see with what ease I could keep it; Williams came next and Lindell followed, which surprised me somewhat as he was considered a good swimmer, and in that order we swam the whole distance. We continued our course in a straight line from the bow of the vessel for some time and then turned shorewards, but had not swam far before the cat-like eyes of "Jimmy Leys," alias, Master-at-Arms, who was out on the guard and engaged in the very un-officer like duty of washing dirty cloths, had descried something in the water which he took to be men, and immediately gave the alarm. The "dingee" was called away and manned by the ship's Corporal—who is a second edition of the aforesaid Master-at-Arms—and a motley crew of boys and ward-room stewards, and immediately gave chase. But of this we were totally ignorant until the next day. But, just previous to this, I being in advance, saw a four oared boat coming towards us from shore with an officer sitting in the stern sheets, which I took to be the First Lieutenant coming off in the "gig," (the Captain being on board,) and passing the word back to my companion, prepared to give it a wide berth. They passed without seeing me, but when they came opposite Williams, the officer leaned over the side and scanned the water closely, as if he had seen him, and giving his boat a sudden turn in the direction which he thought he had seen the object, ran right afoul of Lindell, who, not being at all satisfied to be run down so unceremoniously, caught hold of the gunwale of the boat and expressed a wish, in no very measured terms, that his boat might run into a somewhat warmer place before he again ran afoul of him. The officer, who belonged to the English hospital ship in the harbor, and was going aboard, tried to persuade him to get in his boat and go back to his ship, but as that did not suit Lindell's idea of the manner in which things should be arranged, he told him he believed not. The officers then told him that he thought he belonged to the American vessel lying not far off and that if he did not get in and go aboard with him he would go and report him; whereupon, Lindell bade him good night and struck out to overtake us. We waited until he came up and having learned the true state of the case, for we still thought it was one of our boats, altered our course again and swam for a point of land that ran out in the bay a considerable distance, instead of keeping straight ahead for the city as we were doing when the English officer overhauled us. And now came the tug of war, for on looking back at our vessal we saw there was something unusual going on, and supposing the English officer had given the alarm we knew they would send a boat after us, and that nothing but hard swimming could save us now, we struck out stronger than before.

But, as we afterwards learned, the officer arrived and made his statement just as the boat was called away to go in pursuit, and so his information amounted to nothing more than a confirmation of the Master-at-Arms' report.

The doughty Ship's Corporal pulled about one hundred yards from the vessel and not seeing anything of us returned. By this time we were well in shore and not seeing any boat in pursuit, changed our course again and instead of landing above the city at the point, we had shaped our course for when we thought we were pursued, we swam along among the shipping until we arrived almost directly opposite our vessel and then landed just as it was striking 6 bells.

We were soon very comfortably fixed in a cafe, with suitable refreshment before us; and after imbibing what we supposed would be a sufficiency of the ardent to keep the chill off, we lit our cigs and started on a promenade around the city. In travelling around I got separated from my companions and found my way into a fancy colored ball and various other places that were strange to me, and after seeing as much of the city as I cared about—which by the by did not improve my opinion of the Brazilians—tried to find my companions and get them to go aboard again, but being unable to do so I went down to the wharf and not relishing the idea of another such a swim, and especially alone, I hirad a boat and was rowed off to within about a quarter of a mile of the ship when I got overboard and motioning to the astonished boatmen to return, struck out for the vessel and was within three or four strokes of it when the Quarter Master on duty heard me in the water for in my eagerness to get in the shadow of the vessel's side I had struck one foo out of water, and he hailed me. It was all up now, but I clambered up on the cable and up the side to try and get a board before the officer of the deck came forward, but was considerably surprised on raising my head above the rail to find a corporal and several marines ready to receive me. I was immediately taken to the mast and reported to the Fist Lieutenant who ordered me to be placed in the "brig" where I was kept until next day at noon when I was released with a reprimand.

Williams and Tindell became separated ashore and one came off in the "dingee" and the other in a shore boat, and thus ended our taking "French leave" Rio.

Tupper Light Guard.

....The first annual parade and excursion for target practice of the Tupper Light Guard will take place on Monday next, Nov. 28, under the command of Capt. I. Monks. Accept our thanks for your kind invitation. We hope the Tuppers may meet with sufficient encouragement on their first excursion to induce them to repeat it the next season.

Target Excursions, &c.

S, S. Conklin Guard,

This company under the command of Capt. E. Holly, made their annual target excursion to Styker's Bay, on the 14th inst. The company numbered 53 muskets; 11 pioneers; 6 officers, and one standard bearer. The following is a list of successful marksmen, and the prizes awarded.

1st Prize, Gold Watch, presented by G. Paterson won by Williams.

2d; China set, presented by F. Duryee, won by Klauberg.

3d; A Large Broach, presented by Alderman Bard, won by Jn. E. Connery.

4th; Set of Silver Spoons, presented by A. Waterbury, won by J. White.

5th; Set of Flower Vases presented by W. Duryee, won by Smith.

6th; $10 Gold Piece presented by Mr. M'Mean, won by J. Burns.

7th; $5 Gold piece presented by R. Hudson, won by R. Anderson.

8th; Silver Cup, pssented by J. Youndale, won by E. Holly.

9th; Gold Pencil, presented by F. Dayton, won by J. Brown.

10th; A Hat, presented by W. Foster. won by G. Dean.

11th; A Pair of Boots presented by Mr. McLane won by G. Dean.

12th; Gold Seal presented by Mr. Benney;

13th; $5 Gold Piece, presented by J. Marriott, won by J. Laton.

Hempstead Musketeers.

This stout little company, one of the crack volunteer corps of up-town, proceeded on Monday, 14th inst., on their annual excursion for target practice, to the River House, Harlem, accompanied by Shelton's celebrated Band. The Musketeers were under the command of Capt. John B. Tooker, and presented a very creditable appearanae. The following is the names of the donors and the list of prizes selected by the successful competitors.

1st prize. Valuable watch and chain, presented by Mr. Phillip Emrich, won by James Dines.

2d. Heavy silver cake basket, presented by David H. Hempstead, won by Thomas Berry.

3d. Gold piece, presented by Mr. Joseph Tooker, won by Joseph Goldy.

4th. Musket, presented by Mr. Henderson, won by George Sharpe.

5th. Cluster breast pin, presented by Mr. Wm. Belch, won by Alexander Sharpe.

6th. Richly embroidered ball vest, presented by Mr. John Nuttall, won by Henry Boodas.

7th. Goldsmith's Poems, presented by Mr. John Palmer Valentine, won by Henry Williams.

8th. Handsomely bound book, presented by Miss Lucas, won by Moses Cooper.

9th Tasty and costly wreath, presented by Miss Josephine Goldy, won by Henry Faulkner.

10th. Revolver, presented by Mr. John Roderman, won by Wm. Hollingshead.

11th. Target, won by George Hyer.

Among the toasts at the excellent dinner, was one complimentary to the "Clipper," which elicited tremendous cheering.

Sunday Dispatch Guard.

The first annual parade of the Sunday Dispatch Guard, took place on Monday last. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the company made a fine appearance. They numbered fifty muskets, and the majority of them are attached to the Sunday Dispatch office. The Guard is under the command of Capt. John Heany. It was accompanied by Dodworth's Band, who played the "Sunday Dispatch Quick-step," composed and arranged by W. V. Wallace. Prior to starting on the excursion, the Guard halted in front of Mrs. Mercer's, corner of Ann and Nassau streets, where they were presented with a costly flag and staff (mounted with solid silver), and two beautiful wreaths, by the hand of that lady. The company then proceeded to Hoboken for target practice, where they shot three rounds each, and concluded the day's sport with a sumptuous dinner at David Pollock's Hotel. The following is a complete list of the prizes:

THE PRIZE.	BY WHOM WON.
Gold Watch	Capt. J. Heany.
Check for $50	Lieut J. Preston.
Port Monnaie and $30	J. A. Camby.
Gold Vest Chain	C. Connor.
$20 gold piece	J. Whalen.
Silver Watch	P. McGorick.
Clothing order for $20	A. B. Church.
Silver Goblet	S. Maloney.
Massive Silver Pitcher	H. Steel.
$10 gold piece	P. Kiernan.
Gold Locket	S. Yates.
Silver Sugar Bowl	M. Waters.
Solid do. Cake Basket	J. Davis.
Silver Cup	G. Ross.
$5 gold piece.	S. Jackson
Cassimere Pants	J. Shipton.
Cassimere Pants	T. Smith.
Gold Pencil	T. Dunning.
Gold Pencil	E. Bennett.
Gold sleeve-buttons	J. Mills.
Hat	M. Madden.
Wreath	J. W. Gillam.
Wreath	John Smith.

Lyon and Haff Guard.

....We understand that the employees of Messrs. Lyon and Haff (naval stone yard, Brooklyn) have formed themselves into a military company and will make their first annual parade on Monday, the 19th of December, when they will proceed to John I. Snediker's and shoot for a number of valuable prizes.

They will be under the command of the following officers: Captain, H. S. Johnson; 1st, Jeremiah Buckley; 2nd, Joseph Ralph; 3d, Hugh Doherty: Orderly, Ewd. C. Hagerty:

We return our thanks to the gentlemen of the Lyon and Haff Guard, for an invitation to join them in the pleasures of the day. We have no doubt the first excursion of this company will be worthy of our sister city, and of the gentlemen whose names they bear.

Sporting News.

Home Department.

THE GREAT CHARLESTON REGATTA.

Interesting trial of Speed.

From the Charleston Courier, Nov. 24.

THE REGATTA—FIRST DAY.

The elements yesterday were singularly propitious and seemed to conspire in working together to afford us a lovely day for the commencement of our boat racing sports. The day was one of the balmiest and mildest we have yet had throughout the bright visitation of the Indian Summer with which we have for some time been favored. The only possible objection the most fastidious could have found, was on the score of temperature, which, for the season, was almost too Summer-like; but this was felt but in a slight degree, and only by those who were compelled to stand for some time exposed to the sun's persuasive beams. It was, in short, a balmy May-day—calm, bright, and effulgent: the heavens above displayed their cloud-draperies through the pure and achromatic atmosphere, and the waters below lay sleeping "like the passions in infancy's breast," being disturbed only by the ceaseless dip and splash of the oar. All things were bright and shining as the dental ivory displayed by the sleek and comfortable-looking Georgia negroes, who, during the preliminaries, were parading about over the bay, and occasionally breaking out into melodies with which they have often, no doubt, aroused the echoes and the alligators of their own rivers. It was evident, from the looks of these jolly and sable oarsmen, that they had come here determined to put Georgia through "first best," and to renew and freshen the laurels of last year's acquatic campaign. Not one of them, we guess, but would hav stakede his corn and tatur patch, and his year's allowance of tobacco—that first necessary of the negro—on the success of Georgia, and of "massa's" boat.

The section of our city bordering on, and near the Battery, presented one dense and closely packed mass of humanity. Before the hour fixed for starting, all available places and posts of observation were occupied by eager spectators. The windows, balconies and porticoes of all the private residences, the upper stories of all the warehouses on and near Southern Wharf, the Bathing House off the Point, and the whole extent of the Battery itself were all filled.

In addition to this, the Bay itself was covered with craft of all descriptions, from the scull up to the steamer, including brigs, schooners, yawls, and boats of every shape and form, that have been devised since the days of Noah, and all these were filled with spectators, and all were thronging up as close as possible to the line of the racing. A large proportion of these were of the gentler and fairer sex, whose smiles and presence, whether on land or sea, have animated exertions and inspired efforts, ever since the young Leander crossed the Hellespont, led on by hope of such reward and treasure.

At the appointed time, 12 M., the booming of the cannon from the steamship Palmetto, then on her outward passage, announced that the first race was about to commence.

For this race the boats entered, rowed down to the starting goal, and took places as assigned by the stewards. We mention them, however, as they arrived out in order.

C. A. L. Lamar—Plank; 50 feet; 8 oars.

North State—Plank; 43 feet; 10 Oars.

Comet—canoe; 43 feet 11 in.; 8 Oars.

The start was fair, and the competing crafts for a brief space kept well abreast. It anon appeared that size and number of oars began to tell in momentum: and accordingly the North State and the C. A. L. Lamar narrowed down the contest to themselves, leaving the eight-oared canoe behind. The North State was known to be a good sailer, and having lately been put into complete repair, and new trim, many were confident that she would take the purse. She exhibited at intervals indications of good speed, and for some portion of the race was leading her Georgia competitor. Her crew, however, did not show the chronometer beats and strokes of well-trained Georgia propellers; we learn, indeed, that from some unforseen contingency, she was manned partially by new hands, who had never hitched together in row-locks before. The management of the Georgia boat, C. A L. Lamar, was admirable in all respects, from the first dip of the oar to the termination line. Her crew moved and pulled together, as if every sinew and muscle of the stout white-coated oarsmen, who furnished the motive power, were obedient to one will; and her steersman, R. Spaulding, Esq., who owns and enters her, worked her ropes in a style which elicited universal admiration. The problem with these Georgia boats seems to be, "Given a straight water line, to travel over it in the shortest time, or sooner than any other boat." Such steersmen as he who presided over the helm of the Lamar, know how to take and keep the "bee line," as was done in this case, and the well-timed pulls of brawny arms did the rest. So close, however, was the race, apparently, that the victory was claimed for both, and both boats had nearly lapped the bow of the schooner E. H. Vincent, so nearly abreast, that the result was doubtful, or the victory was considered safe for the North State. The Lamar, however, passed the stern of the schooner, which, with a flag stationed opposite on the Battery, marked the course to be rowed over—clearly ahead by a space variously estimated from one-third to one-half a length. It did not exceed, and scarcely reached the latter figure. The Comet was behind, seemingly having given up the contest for the last half of the race, which was determined in 6 1-2 minutes, "against the current, and with a fresh breeze."

This race being so close, the result for some time was doubtful, except to those who had been observing from positions in a range with the closing line, and hence the interest and anxiety were intense, and the exclamations, "Georgia ahead," "Hurra for the North State," and "Try it again," were heard in various quarters. The decision however, was clear enough to all whose position enabled them to see accurately the relative positions of the boats on crossing the line, and the crew of the C. A. L. Lamar acknowledged the cheers which hailed their victory, and marked out their lucky boat as the "observed of all observers" by a full boatman's salute, elevating their ears to a full perpendicular. They bore their triumph with silence and modesty, at if they did not think it any matter of surprise.

The dimensions of the C. A. L. Lamar will be found above in the list of enteries. She has an appearance indicative of a go-ahead disposition, and certainly her performance yestesday did no discredit to her builder, Mr. Chris Thomas, of New York, who was among the spectators of her triumph. Mr. Thomas was the builder, we believe, of the Julia, one of the winners in our last Regatta, and constructed the C. A. L. Lamar with the design of beating the Becky Sharp. She has had a tilt with that famous dug-out, but lost three of her oars, and we presume our Savannah friends will have an opportunity of witnessing a trial of speed at their approaching regatta, which may aid in settling the question Plank vs. Canoe, which has excited much attention among our sporting mariners and aquatic amateurs.

During the needful interval of preparation for the second race (for third class boats), the animation of the scene was kept up by the moving to and fro of the small craft in the water, and the questionings of observers anxious to identify the candidates for entry. For this race the following boats were entered:

Kate Kennan—Canoe—40 feet—6 Oars.
Colleton—Canoe—35 feet—6 Oars.
South State—Plank—40 feet—8 Oars.

The Kate Kennan here first gained a perceptible advantage, which was challenged several times by the South State, but was maintained, and for the last few hundred yards was gradually widened. The Colleton, too, was playing a close game with the South State, but so far as we could perceive, never gained a decided advantage until the very close, when, by vigorous and well-timed pulls, she was propelled, as if sliding over a smooth and frictionless plane, and gained the second place, too late, however, to contend for the prize. The Kate Kennan came out winner by more than a length clear, and the Colleton crossed the line half length ahead of the South State.

Here also the management of the Kennan, entered and steered by the same helmsman who had led the C. A. L. Lamar to victory, was most admirable, and gave her every advantage. There seemed to be, relatively, more equality in the rowing and propelling of all the boats than in the first race, and although the interval between the first and second boats was larger, yet the three came out closer together, and until the last there was apparently a chance for either one. The Kate Kennan has been cut down and shortened a foot since her appearance last year in our bay, and although entered as an 8 oared boat and entitled to that compliment, she carried only six oars yesterday. The manner in which all the boats were propelled showed good rowing, and it is a nice question yet whether the victory is due to the superiority of model and proportion, to the exqusite tact and skill displayed by the accomplished helmsman, or to the accurately timed strokes of the well-trained crew, who kept such time as would have satisfied and soothed even Hogarth's "enraged musician" as to that element. Speaking of time, reminds us that the second race was decided in six minutes; "with a light wind and slack water."

Plank or dug-out, it seems then that Georgia is destined to carry the first day's laurels from our bay. She carried some off last year, to the astonishment of many Northern friends, who never dreamed of a dug-out as fit for anything but cat-fishing and who could not believe their eyes when they saw Becky Sharp leaving her pursuers behind. Georgia, it will be seen, carried off both prizes yesterday, from the same contestants, and as they were well won and well deserved, they are cheerfully awarded. We trust, however, that our friends of the Carolinas will grease their elbows and keep their eyes skinned to-day—for, if for nothing but the sake of variety, we should like to see the palm borne off by others. The regatta of last year did much to inspire a taste for aquatic exercises and pastimes, especially among our younger citizens, and the effect was exhibited yesterday. It has stimulated our boat-builders also, and although we took no prize yesterday, there was nothing to repress or discourage exertion. With time and practice, and a skilful selection of crews, who have the true time and touch of the elbow, we may soon be able to dispute the mastery of the bay, and force our Georgia friends, who are so entirely *aufait* in boat management, and our New York friends, who are equally adepts in boat making, to look to their laurels, and "let out a little more sail." We hope, however, they will continue coming and beating us—until we beat them—for our own aquatic aspirants could not deliver their oars to nobler or more deserving conquerors. It is getting to be believed here, *en passant*, that the Georgia river negroes are amphibious—cradled in the Savannah, and fed when young with small oar-shaped spoons. Is it so?

THE REGATTA—SECOND DAY.

The weather yesterday continued as mild and favorable as on Wednesday, with the exception of the tempepature, which stood at a higher figure. The interest in our boating sports continued unabated, or if possible, was even increased, and the Battery was crowded with an anxious spectators of all ages and conditions. The operations of yesterday had wrought up the excitement and anxiety of all to fever heat, and all accordingly were anxious to be on hand at an early hour, and find out the points of the various competitors. The Bay, as before, was swarming and seething with crafts of all sizes and denominations, and the animation of the scene was kept up by volunteer races, "scrub and saddle nags"—which were made up before the Regatta race was commenced, and at intervals throughout the day. We have not been able to obtain the particulars of these irregular doings, but they displayed some good rowing.

For the first race there were three entries, but only two boats appeared, viz:

Comet—Canoe—43 feet 11 inches—10 oars.
North State—Plank—45 feet—10 oars.

After a fair start, the competitors, who were fairly matched in dimensions and number of oars, kept well together for some distance, and it was reported by some spectators that the North State was ahead several times.

When they neared the closing line, however, sufficiently to allow observers there to note their positions, it was evident that the Comet was getting the best of it. This state of things continued throughout the remainder of the race, and the Comet came home, beating the North State by the space of three lengths clear.

The Comet was steered by R. Spalding, Esq., who had carried off both prizes the day previous, and was manned also by the Georgia negroes taken from the crews that had rowed on to victory before, and this accordingly was the third purse taken in succession by the same steersman and by crafts hailing from the Empire State of the South. It seems, then, that our Edisto negroes were right last year when they remarked, after the performance of the Becky Sharp, "Massa, you needn't put dis boat in; dar's more Georgia negroes in dis race." The race was decided in five minutes thirty seconds.

For the second race, after a due interval for arrangements, the following boats entered and started, viz:

Colleton—Canoe—35ft.—6 oars.
Joaquin—Plank—35ft.—4 oars.
Chicora—Plank—30ft.—4 oars.

A fair start was made here again, and for some time the three advanced like rifle skirmishers at extended intervals keeping in line. Before long, however, weight and number of oars began to tell, and the Canoe was claiming the lead. The other two kept it up for a brief space longer, but the Joaquin claimed the second place, and in six minutes the contest was decided—the Colleton leaving behind her a clear streak of daylight, equal to five lengths or more, and the Joaquin leading the Chicora by something less than that space. It was a lucky day for canoes.

For the third and last race, two boats had been entered, but at the appointed time only one—the Maid of the Mist, plank, 24 feet, 4 oars—appeared, and rowed down to the starting goal. It was a matter of regret to all, that the other entry—Frank Pierce, 27 feet, 4 oars—had been withdrawn, for as both were understood to be new boats, constructed for racing, and as they were so well matched, much sport was anticipated.

At the meeting of the Club, last evening, the purse was awarded to the Maid of the Mist.

Button's Challenge.

I will run Button any time he may desire, on the Union Race Course, L. I. Man and money ready at J. Conway's 14 Washington Market. W. H. B.

The Regatta.

Don't fail to read the account of the great Charleston Regatta.

FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

Riley and Finnighty.

The fight between Willian Riley of Birmingham and Simon Finnighty, for £10 a side, came off on Tuesday, ending in a draw. These bantams were to have contended on the first inst, but a forfeit on the part of Riley was claimed, in consequence of his antagonist when they went to scale being found just over the stipulated weight, viz, 6st 13lb. By the backers of Finnighty a bonus of £3 10s was offered to Riley to let the match go on, which was accepted, Finnighty being allowed to fight at 7st. An aquatic trip was decided on, and the Waterman No. 5 chartered for the occasion. The ring was soon made by Fred Oliver, son of the veteran commissary, and when these arrangements had been completed, the lads, amidst the cheers of their friends, stepped within the "magic circle." Riley, though a stranger to the Metropolitan Ring, has fought many times in the hardware district, having defeated George Callaghan, Stokey, King, &c, with all of whom he is recorded to have contented in a game and courageous manner. Finnighty, on the other hand, has only fought once prior to the present occasion, that being with one Thompson, whom he had the satisfaction of giving the coup de grace, after a quick and merry battle.

Although so little known to fame as a boxer, he has long had the reputation of being a clever practitioner with the gloves, and distinguished for his quickness and activity. As seconds, Finnighty had the gallant Harry Orme and Bill Barry, while Donnelly and Woody did the agreeable for the "Brum," who certainly is one of the biggest made lads at the weight we ever saw; and what, too, is most remarkable is, that notwithstanding the fact of Finnighty having considerable difficulty in getting to the weight, he was nothing near so big or so muscular looking a lad as his opponent. The condition of the combatants was decidedly good, but the betting was rather in favor of the little Irish lad. Riley, while in the ring, had all the coolness about him of an old "stager," and had stated, on entering the arena, that although a stranger to all present, he intended to do his best to win, therefore they must think none the worse of him should he happen to have the misfortune to be defeated. By 20 minutes to three o'clock the toilets of the men had been satisfactorily completed, and the lads were conducted to the scratch to begin the

FIGHT.—On assuming the defensive, the Irish lad put himself into an easy and graceful position, at once proving that he had been taught in a finished school. The "Brum," on the contrary, threw himself into an extremely awkward attitude, standing with his arms squared out, and his head bent forward, thus forming a striking contrast to his opponent. The Irishman had heard so much talk of the "Brum," that he was particularly cautious in opening the "ball," consequently a good deal of manœuvring transpired ere the first shot was fired. At length, Finnighty, after feeling his man and getting within saluting distance, let fly with the left, and planted on his man's "phiz." Finnighty retreated ere his opponent could return, but as the "Brum" by no means cared to be "receiver general," he dashed in. In the exchanges that followed, both men got home; after which they fought in a rally to the ropes.

Here a struggle ensued, when Finnighty put a crook on his opponent, and sent him to earth, Bill in the fall striking the top part of his head in an awkward manner. That the Irish lad was the most skilful boxer was apparent to all from the opening of the contest, and those who backed him considered that he would win in a clever manner. In the fourth round, Finnighty, by making use of his busy left, got home a flush hit on the *os frontis* when *first blood* was claimed by his seconds, and admitted.

For some 16 or 17 bouts, the battle unquestionably was in favor of Finnighty, who, having the superiority in science, was enabled to administer by far the lion's share of punishment to his opponent, who, however, did not seem to care a bit about it, for when in his corner, he continually remarked to his seconds, "he cannot hurt me." It would be useless to attempt to give a detailed description of the rounds, as Riley continued to meet his antagonist with undiminished strength often coming to the scratch, grinning like a monkey cracking nuts.

Not so his opponent, for when the contest had occupied an hour he was evidently much distressed, and, by the way of husbanding his strength as much as possible, he frequently got down in a manner that, if not an actual infringement of the rules of the P. R., is certainly not justified by them. This caused several appeals to be made, but they were overruled by the referee, as Riley three or four times committed some very questionable acts, and once nearly had the day given against him.

In wild rushing rallies, the "Brum" repeatedly planted on his man's head and ribs, but these blows lacked "steam," from the fact of their being frequently delivered open-handed. From the commencement of hostilities the seconds of Riley urged their man to go in and "fight" as they saw this was the only chance he had of bringing the contest to a speedy, and at the same time satisfactory issue. But it was not often he would act upon such sound counsel, although when he did so he unquestionably had the best of the hitting, as Finnighty appeared too weak to resist effectually his attacks.

How the contest would have terminated had there been sufficient daylight to have fought it out it is impossible to say. For when they had been fighting for two hours and ten minutes it was found to be getting too dark to think of having the contest brought to a close that day; therefore the referee interposed his authority, and pronounced it a drawn battle, consequently the combatants shook hands in the most cordial manner, and retired from the ring, in company with their seconds, after having fought forty-five rounds.

The men are most desirous to meet again, and, as it is almost impossible to get two fights off the same day, now that they are so short, we think the most convenient time for them to meet would be on the Tuesday after the great contest between Hayes and Jones. That Riley is a game man there can be no second opinion; and, as a rough and ready fighter, and one that can stand plenty of wear and tear, he is a match for any lad of his weight and inches. But he has much to learn before he can lay claim to the appellation of a scientific man.

It must, however, be remembered that he was a total stranger on the present occasion, and therefore it may be expected that he will do better at their forthcoming meeting, as the novelty and importance of a debut in the London P. R. will have been got over. That Finnighty is much superior to his opponent in science none can doubt, but he has had too much glove practice in the metropolitan academies.

Riley called at our office since the above was written, and said he was willing to renew the fight on Tuesday week, at the same weight; but Mr. Beaumont wishes Riley's backer to meet at his house, the Grapes, Albemarle street, Clerkenwell, on Tuesday night next, to arrange matters. *(Bell's Life Nov 15th.)*

SULLIVAN AND MORRISSEY.

English Account of the Battle.

OPINION OF THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE ON THE REFEREE'S DECISION.

The report of the Boston Corners fight, sent to Bell's Life in London, was published in that paper on the 6th of November, and seems to have created considerable excitement, Sullivan being well known in England. The remarks of the Editor of Bell's Life, which we publish below, it will be seen, correspond with the remarks of the Clipper, published at the time of the battle.

As much anxiety has been manifested to hear the opinion of the Editor of Bell's Life on the decision of the Referee, we give it, as taken from that paper of Nov. 6th:

The sudden decision of the referee took all by surprise, as Sulltvan, at the time, had all the best of the fight; and if continued for a few rounds more, Morrissey would have been blind. Whilst Morrissey could see, and come up to time, he was no doubt a dangerous customer, being a game and a resolute fellow, possessed of sound bottom, and a formidable hitter with his right hand, but as to pugilistic skill he is totally ignorant of it, as also of the rules of the P.R., and lost many opportunities of winning the battle, through a timid apprehension of hitting a foul blow. Sullivan, on the contrary, proved himself to be perfectly *au fait* to all the tactics of the Ring. Had all the seconds kept their places in the corners till the round was finished, the fight no doubt, would have come to a better conclusion. The referee did not appear to know his duty, and had no right to give his decision until order was restored, and he had been appealed to by the umpires. As we have before observed, there is no mention made, throughout the account sent to us, of any umpires being appointed. The disturbance was entirely occasioned by the seconds, and therefore a hasty decision should not have been given.

PRIZE FIGHT AT PHILADELPHIA

BALTMORE vs. PHILADELPHIA.

Stakes $300 *aside.*

Bradley and Slone.

A fight is to take place to-day, the 1st inst., in the vicinity of Philadelphia, between Slone of Baltimore, and Bradley, of Philadelphia, for $300 aside. The money has been up for some time, and on tossing for choice of ground a few evenings since, Bradley was the winner. Considerable excitement has been manifested by the friends of the different parties, and a merry mill is anticipated.

We shall endeavour to publish the full report of the fight in our next.

Look out for next week's Clipper.

FOOT RACE IN BROOKLYN.

Money Making Affair.

A match was said to have been made last week for a foot race between two young men named Williams and Dorsey. The race was to have come off on Thanksgiving day, in the vicinity of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn. At the time appointed for the men to commence business, the streets in the vicinity were thronged with the sporting gentry and others anxious to witness the race. The men however were backward in coming orward, different excuses being made by the different parties, the barkeepers at the porter house where the pedestrians quartered being kept as busy as bees, handing out a "little something," and hauling in a "little more." And thus matters progressed until the people becoming disgusted with the management of affairs, left the ground, fully satisfied that Messrs. Williams and Dorsey and the keeper of the public house in question, were in partnership, and that the whole thing was a "sham." We must confess that our opinion is not far different, for had the men intended to run they had plenty of time and a fair field, and we have not as yet heard of any plausible excuse why the race was put off. This mode of humbugging the public is not exactly the mode of doing business, and if Messrs. Williams and Dorsey, who are yet quite young, wish to retain a good character, they should clear themselves of the imputation at present resting upon them owing to the occurrences of Thanksgiving Day. If they really wish to run, let them make a match according to the rules of pedestrianism, and place their money in the hands of a responsible party, with the understanding that the said money shall not be given up until run for, and fairly won. We are decidedly opposed to these sham affairs, and hope there will be no more of them. A good, fair race, whether for money or "the fun of the thing," is a healthy and innocent pastime, and we hope to see some good matches before long.

Will run him.

BUTTON'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:

Seeing in the Clipper a challenge from Buttons, Jr., wishing to run 10 miles on the Union Race Course, with any young man in Brooklyn, Jersey City, or Williamsburgh, I would like to run him if a New Yorker is included in his challenge. He does not say whether he will run for money or for the "fun of the thing." I will run him, and the one that loses must pay all expenses; or I will run him for from $5 to $15 a side, and if he wishes to run, let him send a note to the Broadway Post Office, stating his terms and with his full name and residence, and I will be on hand to accommodate him or any other young gentleman that would like to shew his muscle. I am not 19 years old, and stand 5 feet 4 inches in my stockings. Address Maurice Harper, Broadway Post Office.

THE BALL SEASON;

BALLS TO TAKE PLACE.

D. Donnovan Guard, Dec. 6.
L. C. Grimes Guard, Jan. 16.
First Company, Willett Guard, Nov. 30.
Lady Washington Hook and Ladder Company, No 1, Williamsburg, Dec, 6
Storer Guard, Dec. 20.

Brilliant and Gay Prospects.

"To trip it on the light fantastic toe."

This portion of the Clipper is devoted to the interests of our ball-going friends, and in it we shall endeavour to give correct descriptions of the various balls taking place during the season. Our aim shall be to please all, and for this purpose nothing of an offensive character shall find a place in these columsn.

Ball of the Independent Governeur Blues.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, 53.

CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BROADWAY.

The annual Soiree of the Independent Governeur Blues came off with great *eclat* at the City assembly Rooms, Broadway. A few details of this reherche affair may prove interesting both to those who were there and those who were absent.

The first intimation of the Terpsicorean amusement on your approaching the ball Room was the Grand March performed by Shelton's Celebrated Brass Band consisting of thirty pieces. The Ladies here made their Entree which very soon crowded the room to such an extent that you might easily imagine yourself in *Paradise* so great was the attendance of the fair sex. Owing to the great mass of persons it was impossible to obtain the names of many of the most beautiful ladies.

The Belle of the Ball might justly be considered the intelligent Mrs. Dr. P—n, of Bond street under the protection of her brother, Mr. M—of Pearl street. This Lady wore a necklace of Diamonds said to be worth several thousand dollars.

The next on the list was the beautiful Miss McG—y, of Brooklyn, who was in company of Mr. and Mrs. H—tt of Pitt street; this young Lady was generally remarked for the extreme neatness of her attire, which consisted of Black Satin dress, with very costly Gold Ornaments, distributed in such a manner as to display a very modest taste. She was considered the best dancer in the room, and was very eagerly sought after by the sterner sex. The Misses D—y, of Scammel street looked very well, although their lady friends thought (to use a common expression) they were putting on "airs." A little jealousy, we fear was at the bottom of it. Miss T—on, a very pretty and modest young lady, claimed a great deal of attention from her Beau ideal, Mr. M— H—tt, of Monroe street. Well, Mike is a noble hearted youth, worthy of the best of the best.

The two young ladies dressed in blue seemed to attract an unusual share of attention from the gentlemen. Mr. and Mrs. Chs. R. P—r, of First avenue, were greatly admired for their extremely modest appearance.

Mr. O—r, of Brooklyn, was in company of a Bridal Party, Miss L— of Water Street, was the Bridesmaid. The Ladies were dressed in white, and wore their hair in curls which were considered quite detrimental to their beauty. Among the male portion of those present might be seen the Hon. Wm. M. Tweed, member of Congress elect, Messrs R. and F. Buckley, of the New Orleans Serenaders, with their door-keeper, Mr. G. W. Reves, and Mr. J. Cudney, the former proprietor of the Knickerbocker.

We are of the impression that the bar room was the most profitable portion of the house. There is one person attached to the City Assembly Rooms who has always been one of the big guns, this is Mr. Stickles, the gentlemanly door attendant, he has ever had the esteem of the visitors and has richly merited it. To say in conclusion, that the ball was a most magnificent, affair would not be any exaggeration and indeed Capt. Reeves may feel proud of his company, the "Independents."

Balls.

The first Annual Ball of the Storer Guard will take place at Tammany Hall on the 20th of December, and from present appearances it promises to be a fine affair. The floor will be under the charge of Captain Cornelius Downey, assisted by the following committee:

David McCarty, John Downey, Walter Furlong, James Duppley, Michael Murray, P. McDermott.

Fourth Annual Ball

OF THE LADY WASHINGTON HOOK AND LADER CO., NO. 1, OF WILLIAMSBURGH.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an invitation to be present at the ball of the above named company, which comes off on the 12th inst., at the Odeum, Williamsburgh. Efforts are making to make this ball creditable to our sister city, and we have no doubt it will prove a tip-top affair.

Ball of the Donnovan Guard.

The second annual ball of the D. Donnovan Guard will be given at Tammany Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 6th, and from the preparations making, it promises to be a brilliant affair. Capt. John Healy has been appointed as Floor Manager, and is also Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. We shall endeavor to be present.

Target Excursions, &c.

Excursions to Come.

Storen Guards, Dec. 5.
Farsyth Cadets, Dec. 21.
Capt. Ingraham Guards, Dec: 26.
Mechanics' Volunteers, Dec. 6.

Lindsey Blues.

....Persons interested in volunteer companies should not fail to witness the third annual parade of the above named corps, which takes place this morning, (Thursday) from the Crystal, in Grand st., near the Bowery. The friends of this company claim for it the title of "Nonpareil," and judging from the fine appearance it presented at the last parade, which had the effect to draw numbers to its ranks for this year's excursion, and taking in consideration that it has had regular semi-monthly drills, we must say that the hopes and expectations of its friends will be fully realized. The uniform, unsurpassed by that of any volunteer company; their regular infantry drill; the strict military discipline prevading its ranks, and the true military knowledge of its officers, all coatribute to give justice to the claims of its friends and patrons. Great excitement exists up town in regard to this parade, as we understand that a very heavy bet exists that it will make the best appearance of any company on parade this year. Let the "Willet Guard" and Gouverneur Blues" look to their laurels.

Dry Dock Light Guard.

This company of the real bone and sinew of the city, turned out on the 7th ultt. on their second annual parade for target practice to Morrissiana. They numbered 35 muskets, and presented a very creditable appearance. The following prizes were awarded to the successfull marksmen named below.

1. A beautiful musket, won by Jas. Brady; 2. Silver Cake Basket, Robt. Macnamee: 3. Silver Cake Basket John Fallen; 4. Silver Cake Basket, Edward Loud; 5. Cake Basket, Michael Dunn; 6. Heavy Gold Pencil, Mr. McCutcheon; 7. Beautiful silver cup, Francis Faves; 8. Gold pencil, Chas. Young; 9, Gold pencil Michael Andrews; 10 Splendid Gold Pencil, Capt. George Anderson; 11 Gold Pencil, James Judge; 12. $5 Hat, James Faves Jr; 13 $5 Vest, J. Baylen.

The Lindsey Blues.

The third Annual Target Excursion of the Lindsey Blues, took place on the 24th instant, Thanksgiving Day. The company assembled at the Crystal, 228 Grand street, when a beautiful sword was presented to their Captain, Wm. R. Gwyn, by the members of the company. Enoch Stephens, Esq., Captain of the American Rifles, company E, made the presentation, with a neat and appropriate speech. They then proceeded to the River House, Harlem. The excursion passed off in a very pleasant manner, and when the Company returned, the condition of their target gave ample evidence of their skill as marksmen. Thirty valuable prizes were awarded to the best shots.

The Lewis Volunteers,

Under the command of Captain Geo. W. Gaynor, made their first Annual Parade, for target practice, to Williamsburgh, on Thursday, November 24th. They numbered twenty-five muskets. This company is composed of boys, between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. The following prizes were awarded to the crack shots:—

1st Prize, Gold Ring, won by Capt. G. W. Gaynor.
2d " " won by W. Foster.
3d " Portmonnaie, " W. Brady.
4th " Silver Pencil and Gold Pen, won by G. M'Glear.
5th " " " W. Havens.

The Storer Guard.

The above-named Company will proceed on their first Annual Target Excursion on Monday, December 5th, 1853. The Company is called after Mr. William B. Storer, of the Fulton Market. They are commanded by Cornelius Downey, a young gentleman well known in target companies, and who is every way capable of conducting the affairs of the Storer Guard.

Manning Guards.

....This company paraded on Thursday, 24th inst., on their first annual excursion to Hoboken. The following are the officers:—Captain, O. Higgin; Orderly Sergeant, Wm. Evarard; 1st Lieut., W. Chrystal; 2d, P. Sweeney; 3d, Edw. Regan.

Fulton Light Guards.

The members of this company will make their annual parade for target practice on the 28th inst. The following are the officers:—Captain, S. Williams; Orderly, B. Gohen; 1st Lieut., M. Dunn; 2d, J. McGinnis; 3d, J. Gilligan; 4h, W. Cassey; 5th, W. Flynn. Adkin's Band has been engaged for the occsion.

Kerr Guard.

....The annual excursion of the Kerr Guard will take place on Friday, 25th inst. They will be accompanied by Shelton's Band, and will proceed to the grounds of Mr. Pollock, at Hoboken, for target practice, under the command of Wm. H. Wilson. They will start from the Putnam Co. House, No. 357 Fourth Avenue, opposite Twenty-seventh street Depot.

We return our thanks for a polite invitation to join the Kerr Guard in their excursion.

The Saluma Guards.

The Saluma Guard, from Brooklyn, commanded by Capt. Charles Palmer, went on their first target excursion to Pollock's, at Hoboken, on Monday. They were accompanied by the Brooklyn Cornet Band. Several prizes were awarded to the crack shots of the company.

Shishawsheepshank Light Guards.

A company, composed mostly of the "shorts of the Eighth Ward," proceed on their first annual excursion on the 26th of December, to Hoboken, to contend for some *elegant* prizes which are *expected* to be presented to the company. After shooting, they will return to New York and partake of a sumptuous dinner, and wind up the sport of the day by giving a ball in the evening, of which due notice will be given in the Clipper. The present officers of the corps are: Colonel, Henry Banta; Captain, P. McGloin; Orderly Sergeant, James H. Hart.

We return our thanks for the invitation sent us, but if there is anything to prevent our being present it will be that jaw-breaking name.

Young American Guard.

The second annual excursion of the Young American Guard will take place on Monday, December 12. The company will be under the command of Capt. J. McKever, and will proceed to Hoboken for target practice. The Young Americans will start from the Bleecker street House, at 8 o'clock A.M. We beg to return our sincere thanks for the honor of an invitation.

Manhattan Foundry Guards.

This company under the command of Capt. Robert Douglass, paraded for target practice on the 23d inst., and we must say that much credit is due Mr. Douglass for the fine appearance the company presented. The company was formerly known as the Jackson-Foundry Guard (being the men employed in the above named Foundry). They mustered 34 muskets, and proceeded to the grounds of Mr. Keislis, Staten Island, and after riddeling the target in a very becoming manner, and partaking of a very sumptuous dinner, which did credit to their host, the following prizes were awarded:

Prizes.	Contributed by	Won by.
Gold watch	Jas. L. Jackson	Robt. Decatur.
Silver watch	Jas. L. Jackson	A. Axtman.
Cake basket	Mr. Crane	Wm. Seares
$10 gold piece	A. H. Hampton	B. Smith.
$5 gold piece	A. H. Hampton	W. McLane.
$5 gold piece	Wm. Hogg	J. Anderson.
$5 gold piece	Mr. Willcocks	J. Gorman.
$5 gold piece	P. Jackson	E. Beaumont.
$5 gold piece	A. Thraugmartin	M. Shotman.
Gold locket	M. Geraud	E. Stillwell.
Gold pencil	P. Cummings	D. Briggs.
Gold pencil	H. Otto	M. Huff.
Gold pencil	B. Kelly	E. Newman.
Gold pencil	R. Earle	A. Pellut.
Gold pencil	D. Mackey	M. Fagad.
Breast pin	J. Rosenburgh	S. Eddy.
Writing desk	M. Noon	J. Graves.
Silvepr Cup	F. Haunce	H. Dreischer.
Pair boots	P. Clayton	J. Hugher.
Hat	The Company	T. Young.
$1 bill	The Company	J. Robertson

Kerr Guard.

This company went on their annual target excursion to D. Pollock's, Hoboken, Nov. 25th, accompanied by Shelton's Brass Band. They were under the command of Capt. Wm. H. Wilson. The dinner was in Pollock's best style. The following prizes were won:

1. Gold Pen and Pencil, by G. Howard.
2. Handsome Silver Cake Basket, by J. Price.
3. Silver Castor, by R. Knap.
4. Silver Cake Basket, oy J. Esterby.
5. Silver Cake Basket, by Mr. Tador.
6. Splendid Overcoat, by J. Provost.
7. 1 doz. Spoons, by J. Reed.
8. Cake Basket, by Mr. Burns.
9. Copy of Byton's Works, by Capt. Wilson.
10. Order for a Hat, by Mr. Grogan.
11. Splendid Wreath, by W. E. Burden.
12. "
13. Elegant Table Cover, by N. Allote.

The Wreaths were presented by Misses Kerr and Bigby, to whom the thanks of the Company are respectfully tendered.

Tupper Light Guard.

This Guard went on their first annual target excursion, when the following prizes were awarded to the crack shots:

1. Gold Watch and Chain, by Capt. Monks.
2. " 1st L. J. Barker.
3. Gold Locket, by Wm. Davids.
4. Silver Watch, by Wm. Heavy.
5. Gold Breastpin, by Chas. Foster.
6. Gold Pen and Pencil, by M. Brinckerhoff.
7. Gold Finger Ring, by S. Fields.
8. Gold Chain J. Morrisey.
9. $5 Gold Piece, by G. Beck.
10. $2½ Gold Piece, by J. Van Benschoten.

The Tuppers made a very fine turn out on the occasion of their first parade. They passed our office in the evening, on their return.

The Pudney and Russell Guards,

Composed part of the employees of the Job Printing and Publishing house of Messrs. Pudney & Russell, 79 John street, will proceed on their first annual excursion for target practice, to Yonkers, on Thursday, December 1st, 1853.—The officers are:—Captain, William Fitzgerald; 1st Lieut., Geo. Russell; 2d, Mr. Shea; 3d, H. Kreewolf; 4th, Wm. Reins.

In our next will be published a list of the prizes shot for.

The Franklin Guards,

Went on their second annual excursion, on Thursday last, to Hoboken. On their return they took dinner at Gunter's, in Fulton street.—The following is a list of the prizes awarded:—Silver pitcher, presented by W. B.; cake basket, presented by the officers; card basket, presented by Samuel Wilbraham; $10 gold piece, presented by Lyman Needham; gold pen and holder, presented by Peter Keegan; silver cup, presented by John Brady; pen and holder, Wm. Fitzpatrick; $10 gold piece, Joseph Murphey; $10 piece, H. Mulholland; $5 gold piece, Wm. Rouke; order for $5 hat, G. Doran; order for $5 hat, Edward Brenan; order for $5 boots, Patrick Pholan; order for cap, Wm. Backster; gold ring, William Powers; breast pin, Michael Neary; set of guide colors, to R. G., by Miss Harding; splendid wreath, Mrs. Brown; wreath, Mrs. Kating.

Forsyth Cadets.

The Annual Excursion of the Forsyth Cadets, Capt. A Devoe, will take place on the 21st inst., and we have no doubt it will prove an A. No. 1 affair, judging from the liberality of the members. Look out for them.

Where's Pappy Hall?

Lansingburgh, Nov. 23d, 1853.

To the Editor of the New York Clipper,

DEAR SIR:—I see by your paper of the 19th inst., that Daniel, alias "Pappy Hall," has issued a challenge to fight any ten stone man, in the United States, for $500 or $1500.

I beg leave to state that I reside in the United States, and do not weigh over ten stone, and will fight him, or any other ten stone man, for the above amount, or as much more as desired.

Any person wishing to see me (and money), or is authorized to make arrangements, will please call at the "Finish," State street, Lansingburgh, N. Y. Yours &c.,

JAMES VAN BUREN.

Shooting Match.

SPORT FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

N. Y., Nov. 28th, 1853.

Mr. Editor: I send to your care the following challenge to H. Gassyman:

Sir: Having heard of your shooting lately, at Sheeps-Head Bay, and also of your opinion of my shooting, I am willing to try a match with you with a Rifle, best out of Nine Shots, from 50 to 150 Yards, for from $25 to $250 a side; the match to come off either at Sheeps-Head or Hoboken, on the 26th of December, 1853.

For further particulars either call on me or address me at "H.'s," on or before the 15th of December; or, if you understand the conditions, please answer through the Clipper columns.

Yours Respectfully,
C. HUNTER,
alias "HIT-OR-MISS."

Another Challenge.

N. Y., December 26, 1853.

To the Editor of the Clipper:

DEAR CLIPPER: Having heard of late of a number of Challenges to and from the Stag, Star, Free, and the Cricket, and also having read in your paper an account where one wasn't ready to raise the needful, &c., and your determination not to publish any challenges unless you believe they were made with good intentions, &c.; I wish to state that I, having blu

greater favorite. Jerry Bryant, the "bones" of Christie's keeps the house in a roar by his eccentricities. The Katy-Did Polka was given with all the improvements, as introduced to the public by the renowned Jullien. Christie is a host in himself, as his popularity during the past ten years gives sufficient evidence of the fact. An "evening with the Minstrels," at 472 Broadway, above Grand street, will afford a vast fund of amusement at a trifling outlay.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DECEMBER 3, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

Ross & Jones, 21 Ann Street.
S. Hallock, 150 Fulton Street.
Mike Madden, 47 Ann Street.
Yates & Seely, 15 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ Our Philadelphia Agent, Mr. A Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. M., Troy.—"Having seen sketches of English pugilists, in the Clipper, taken from old English works, please inform me if those works can be purchased in this country, and where." They are not to be had either here or in England, being entirely out of print. If any of our readers have a copy of the complete Boxiana, which they wish to dispose of, a purchaser may be found at this office.

Green'un.—Your answer to Buttons is published in another column. Much obliged for your information. A mutual draw.

C. L. G.—Thank you for your good wishes—article in—a good idea—will see how it works.

Game, York, Pa.—Your little sketch is inserted in this week's Clipper. The works you speak of are out of print. The principal prize battles in this country and England will be published in the Clipper. Will inquire about the books on Cricket, &c. Any little incidents of a sporting character will be thankfully received.

John Bradshaw.—Sullivan defeated Hammer Lane. The latter fought ten rounds with his right arm hanging useless at his side, and succeeded in severely punishing Sullivan with his left. The backers of Lane urged him repeatedly to give in, but he refused, and finally his seconds threw up the sponge, unwilling to let the man fight in his crippled condition. A full and correct account of this battle will shortly be published in the Clipper.

Typo.—Sandford and Andy McLane, the latter a first class man, of Philadelphia, fought a short distance from that city, on the first of May, 1832. Sanford was defeated in one hour and twenty minutes. Out of this fight originated the battle between Bill Harrington and Andy McLane. This fight took place in June, 1833, near Baltimore, for $500. It ended in a row, and was never resumed.

T. T.—The American Deer (Jackson) has frequently run ten miles within the hour. There are doubtless men in this country who can make the same time, if properly trained for the purpose

John J., Baltimore.—"Has Sullivan retired from the ring, or will he come out again at some future time?" A letter from Sullivan, published in the Clipper, stated that he had retired, and we have no reason to doubt his word. He is now 42 years of age, and it is hardly to be supposed that he wishes to gain fresh laurels at this late day.

Ruben, Philadelphia.—We are much obliged for your information, and hope to give a full report in our next.

J. H., Waterbury, Conn.—If your work has the *full report* of the battle between Hyer and Sullivan, we would feel extremely obliged for the loan of it. Thank you for your kind attentions.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
The Ring.
Battles in this Country.

On the 17th of the present month we intend to commence in the Clipper the publication of the most prominent battles which have been fought in the Prize Ring in this country. These reports will be given from week to week, and will embrace among others the following battles:

Sullivan's battles with Secor, Bell, Hammer Lane, &c.

Hyer's battles with McCleester and Sullivan.

Fight between Chris Lilly and McCoy—fatal to the latter.

In fact, all fights of note will be duly chronicled.

Also, the Great Battle between Bendigo and Ben Caunt; and the fight between Freeman, the American Giant, and Perry, the Tipton Slasher.

The entire publication will make an interesting record of the Prize Ring.

Don't forget—on the 17th of December—in the New York Clipper.

A Great Number.

CONTENTS OF NEXT WEEK'S CLIPPER.

Full account of the great battle between Jack Randall and Ned Turner.

Full report of the fight between Haultine and Jack Brown, near London, on the 10th Nov.

Account of the battle between Bradley and Stone, near Philadelphia.

A sketch of the preparations making for the great battle between Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, and William Hayes, for £200 aside and the Championship of the Light Weights.

Yachting Intelligence.

Pedestrianism.

Theatricals.

And much other interesting matter. In fact, the Clipper for next week will be a gem of the first water.

Secure a copy early.

Agents will please send in their orders as early as possible.

Thanks.

We beg to return our thanks to Mr. Daniel Silvey, of Staten Island, for the loan of several interesting reports of Battles in the Prize Ring, in this country and in England.

Complimentary Benefits.

A proposition has been made, and a Committee appointed to get up a Complimentary Benefit in aid of Mr. Palmo, at one time connected with an Italian Opera Company in this city. Like others who have followed him, Mr. Palmo got up the Opera to make money—the American people cared not a straw whether he succeeded or not—the Italian Opera never was and never will be a popular institution in this city. Mr. Palmo failed, as many better men have done; and as he has managed to live for a number of years, notwithstanding his failure, we see no good reason for a Complimentary Benefit being given him. Mr. Brougham, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and whose managerial career at the Lyceum proved disastrous to him, had a Complimentary Benefit tendered him shortly after the close of that establishment, but the compliment intended was so opposed by a portion of the Press, and other gentlemen on the "free list," that, at the earnest request of Mr. Brougham, the Committee entrusted with the management of the affair, very reluctantly consented to let the matter drop. Since that time, complimentary benefits have been quite numerous, and they have in every instance been aided in a great degree, by the Press. And now we have Mr. Palmo knocking at the door. Why was Mr. Brougham choked off so unceremoniously? Was it because he was not called Signor this, or Monsieur that? His principal fault, we opine, was in the fact of his being a native of the Emerald Isle, a true Irish gentleman. Mr. Palmo is an Italian, and an effort will be made by the "whiskerando" gentlemen to carry the thing through, but we hope the public will let it *drop through* without encouraging the Italian Opera ex-Manager, who wishes to raise a little of the needful.

A Hot Cross Bunn.

This is the title we have concluded to bestow on Alfred Bunn, a theatrical gentleman, who came to this country from England about a year ago, and not succeeding in carrying the town by storm, bethought him of traveling through "the States," taking notes of this thing and that thing, and "pencilling them on the way." At the time Mr. Bunn reached New York from England, the "press," as usual, endeavored to puff him into notoriety, he being a foreigner, and entitled to all those little attentions and civilities usually bestowed on foreign artists. This Bunn, during his residence among us, was guilty of many little peccadilloes, the most prominent of which was his sharing the bed and board, "for one night only," of a colored prostitute. The lady, during the slumbers of the Bunn, searched the breeches of her sleeping partner, and paid herself the salary due her for services rendered. Although this affair created considerable talk at the time, the press kept remarkably quiet, considering the "good time" had. Mr. Bunn, becoming disgusted with this country, took his departure, and on arriving on the soil of Old England once more, followed the example of his predecessors, and "wrote a book," the said book "being down on the Americans, their manners and customs." And now it is that the press "comes down" on the "hot, *cross* Bunn," and gives him fits. Now what we desire to say in connexion with this little notice, is to call the attention of the public to the manner in which foreign artists are received and flattered by the American press, and their faults never noticed until they "manufacture a book" slandering this country and its people. We hope that hereafter these foreign artists will be suffered to come and go without receiving the adulations and worshippings of a republican people.

AN INTETESTING CHILD.

We have on several occasions expressed an opinion adverse to the agitation of the Slavery question in this city, but as our citizens have thronged the National Theatre for 225 consecutive nights to witness the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin, we were decidedly puzzled to account for this unprecedented success, and accordingly determined to see and hear for ourselves, in order to ascertain the real source of attraction. This we did a few evenings since, and must give it as our opinion that the extraordinary acting of Little Cordelia Howard, who is but little more than an infant, is the great magnet at the National. This infant prodigy pronounces her words in a clear, distinct manner, every word being audible in all parts of the establishment. She also sings a beautiful song, the melody of which is sweetly plaintive, and very applicable to the words. The acting of this talented child, in connection with the liberal manner in which the piece has been placed upon the stage, renders the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, as performed at the National Theatre, more attractive than any other play ever brought to the notice of the public.

Singular Coincidence.

Almost simultaneous with the downfall and destruction of Turkey in this country on Thanksgiving Day, information was received of the rise and progress of Turkey in Europe, and the defeat of numbers of the Russian soldiers. "What is one man's *meat* is another man's poison."

A GREAT BATTLE.
Randall and Turner.

TWO HOURS AND 19 MINUTES.

In the next number of the Clipper, will be published the full report of the battles between Jack Randall and Ned Turner, one of the most exciting and terrific fights of the English Ring. The battle lasted *two hours and nineteen minutes*, during which time but *thirty-four rounds* were fought, several of the rounds occupying *fifteen minutes each*. So cautious were the men on setting to, and so anxious was each to obtain the first advantage, that full five minutes elapsed before a blow had been struck, each man being anxious to discover the weak points of his opponent. Tom Cribb, the renowned Champion of England, was the adviser of Randall, while Owen did the genteel for Turner.

We believe the report of this great fight was never published in this country before, and we hope our friends will secure a copy early, as it will be impossible to print a second edition. Look out for next week's Clipper.

How goes it?

The Gift Scheme of Perham remains in a state of secrecy at the present time. *It is said*, however, that *the* committee have appointed a sub-committee, whose duty it is to inquire into the true value of the 100,000 gifts, including "that" farm, "that" panorama, "them" horses, and those other etceteras, too numerous to mention. The report that the horse Telegraph is afflicted with the botts, is entirely untrue. The report that that farm is worth $24,000 is also untrue, and so with many other valuable gifts. When are we to be edified as to the day and mode of distribution? We are anxious, and want to know. Our readers want to know, and if Mr. Perham can be found, they *will* know ere long.

Judge Beebe and the District Attorney had a conversation as to the legality of the Gift Scheme. As Judge Beebe gave the public this information unasked, we hope he will also give the result of that conversation. It is his duty to apprise the public if the affair is illegal, and if it is illegal, it is his duty to see to it that the originator of the scheme is arrested, and made to disgorge the large sum obtained by him from a too-credulous people. He should be secured in time, and his agents also.

If the scheme should be suffered to proceed unmolested, it will serve as a precedent for others and the success attending this will lead to the introduction of all manner of lotteries in this city. Indeed, it is said that there are already arrangements making for a permanent lottery on the Gift plan, as follows:—A company of men are to take a store and stock it with fancy goods of all kinds, and at all prices. A lottery wheel is to be used, and slips of paper containing the names of articles, of the value of one cent, upwards, will be thrown into this lottery wheel, and on the payment of 25 cents per chance, any person can turn the wheel and draw out one slip of paper, the article named thereon becoming his property. It is needless to say that, like Perham's scheme, nearly all the prizes are of trifling value. The company, if allowed to go on, will coin money, as Perham has done; but it will be at the expense of that portion of the community least able to bear it.

To stop this swindling scheme, it will be necessary to begin at the root of the evil, and as this 100,000 Gift concern is calculated to serve as an example for those to follow, we consider it the duty of the authorities to make Mr. Perham give an account of his stewardship.

There are others connected with Mr. Perham, whom the committee would do well to look after. They can be found at the places advertised in the daily papers.

Look out for the 25 cent Lottery, and the 100,000 Gift Scheme.

Hibernia Target Compay,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

This is the title of a target company just formed in Philadelphia. It is composed principally of the members and friends of the Hibernia Fire Engine Company, the oldest company in the Philadelphia Fire Department. The company is formed, after the model of the New York Target companies and went on their first excursion a few days since.

Thus the work goes on in Philadelphia. We are pleased to see it, and hope these organizations of young men will receive encouragement from those able to give it. A day's target shooting will do much to improve young men in the use of the musket, and as it is a healthy and innocent recreation, we are delighted to see it spreading among our Philadelphia friends.

The First Scratch.

By the news from Europe it would appear that the Russians have badly suffered in their skirmishes with the Turks. In fact, the first *clause* of the *Turkey* war has made its mark.

Visiting Firemen.

The "Vigilant Engine Company," one of the best in Baltimore, will make a visit to Philadelphia and New York, in February next. In this city they will be the guests of Columbian Engine Co., No. 14, whose members, during their visit to Baltimore, received many unlooked for attentions from the Vigilants.

INTELLIGENCE SHOPS.
Commercial College.

Readers of the daily papers have doubtless noticed advertisements in those papers, in which young men in want of situations were informed that they could be accommodated at the shortest notice. To make the bait more tempting, salaries of $800, $1000, &c. were promised. Applicants were directed to proceed to a place called a Commercial College, of which a man calling himself Goward, was the so-called President. Two young men were "taken into" College and "done for" last week, but not liking the style of instructions, they made a complaint against the so-called President, and had a warrant issued for his arrest. Now is there any difference between a mock-auction shop and Commercial Colleges and Intelligence Offices? Decidedly there is, but the more honest of the two is the auction shop, for if a man is defrauded there, he is defrauded with his eyes open, and in the attempt, mind you, to obtain a bargain at the expense of another party, perhaps a "widow with nine children, and two at the breast." But this Commercial College, and these Intelligence Offices, (for they are one concern under different names) are a disgrace to the city, and a swindle upon the credulity of emigrants and strangers. The persons connected with those swindling shops will bleed a poor man of his last copper, under the promise of procuring him a good situation, and yet not one in twelve succeeds in obtaining a situation. We have been "through the mill," ourselves, and speak understandingly. Some few years ago, we arrived in this city, with the intention of seeking employment. After a few days of fruitless endeavors to obtain "something to do," we were induced by advertisements in the daily papers to seek the aid of one of these intelligence offices. On entering the shop, and making our business known, the man at the desk said he could procure us a situation without fail, though we would have to pay him $1,50 on entering our name in the book. We had in our pocket $2, which constituted the wholo of our fortune, but with the prospect of having a chance to earn more, we paid this "keeper" $1,50, which left us but 50 cents with which to procure the necessaries of life, and to keep us from becoming an object of charity. And though we made this Intelligence office man fully aware of our circumstances, yet with the utmost "magnanimity" he gave us the 50 cents change out of our $2 bill, knowing in his own mind at the same moment that he was deceiving us, in fact, that he was *robbing* us, yet what cared he? *We* could not go to law about it—*we* had no money—we would be compelled to "ship in the State's Service," and that would be the last of us. That Intelligence office keeper wrote on a slip of paper something in this style—

"Mr. ——— The bearer is in want of work, if you need a boy.

Yours, ———."

On presenting this slip of paper to the person addressed, we were informed that he knew nothing about it, and so it was for a whole week, day after day were we sent on the same "fool's errand," as some of the lasses called it, but without obtaining work, and on remonstrating with the swindler at the Intelligence office, we were told that if we were not satisfied with his mode of doing business, we could clear out. Thousands have been, and are being swindled by those Intelligence shops, week after week. Their victims are the poor—men and boys, women and girls, whose limited means will not enable them to have the thieves arrested.

If there is a curse in this city, it is these Swindling Shops, and it is time the law interposed its shield to defend the poor.

The Target in Philadelphia.
CORRECTION.

We stated that one of the Philadelphia target companies recently organized there would visit this city on the 31st November. We should have said the 31st December. The Fritz Guard is the name of the company, so called after that gentleman and soldier, Capt. Peter Fritz, who is an honor to Philadelphia, and its military. We hope our young friends will get up an escort for the Frity Guards, and show our neighbors that some things can be done as well as others. Where's the Baxters, the Lindsey Blues, the Willets, and other of our target companies? Cannot something be done in the way of giving a welcome to our Philadelpuia friends? Let us try.

First Excursion.

The Hibernia Target Company of Philadelphia, went on their target excursion on the 24th of November, thus being the pioneer in this agreeable and instructive military movement. Go ahead.

Companies Organized.

Our Philadelphia friends have thus far organized several target companies, and the work goes bravely on. The following are the names of the companies:

Hibernia Target Company, composed principally of members of the Hibernia Engine Co.

Vigilant Target Company, composed of members of Vigilant Engine Co.

Fritz Guards.

Harmony Target Company.

We have not been able to obtain the names of the other companies, but trust some of our Philadelphia friends will keep us advised of all matters connected with the target movement in that city. A list of the officers attached to those companies already formed, will be cheerfully published.

The New Year.
1854.

On the first of January next, "Gleason's Pictorial" will commence its *sixth volume*, and will appear vastly improved in all respects, with a superb new heading, new type and dress throughout, and will be printed upon the finest paper. As the proprietor of the "Pictorial" has purchased the entire good-will of Barnum's New York "Illustrated News," and has merged that journal in the "Pictorial," the public will reap the acvantage of this concentration of the strength of the two papers upon one, both in the artistic and literary departments. The same brilliant host of contributors and artists will be engaged on "Gleason's Pictorial" as heretofore, and a large addition is also made to the corps, both in talent and number. The most liberal arrangements have been completed, and such as will enable the proprietor to produce by far the finest illustrated journal yet published, and much superior to the present issue of the paper. The columns of the "Pictorial" will constantly be beautified by all that can please and instruct in art and nature, and its literary department will fully sustain the high reputation it has so long enjoyed.

The pages of "Gleason's Pictorial" will contain views of every populous city in the known world of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, and will present in its mechanical executiou an elegant specimen of art. It will contain fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—and forming a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages.

TERMS:—Three dollars per annum.

Published every SATURDAY, by
F. GLEASON,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston, Mass.; and
S. FRENCH,
Corner of Nassau and Spruce sts., New York.

New Music.

Christy's and other Minstrels have decidedly increased the love for music in this city, more especially the simple, though beautiful style of ballad music. Horace Waters, of No. 333 Broadway, who is becoming more popular as a music publisher than any other in the business, has just issued several new pieces of music, which promise to become exceedingly fashionable---among those may be mentioned No. 1 of Bleak House Ballads; the Katy-Did song; Rienzi Schottische, by Miss Phoebe J. Van Schoonhoven; Rosa May, as sung by the Buckley Serenaders; Do Good, song and chorus; and Joanna Snow, as sung by the Campbell Minstrels.

Post Office Advertising.

A few weeks since we published an article in which we endeavored to set forth, as correct as possible, the respective circulations of the daily newspapers published in New York. This article has attracted much attention in certain quarters. From information obtained by us, and published in the article referred to, it would appear that the circulation of the Sun is not as great, by perhaps three thousand daily, as that of the Herald; and as the "list of letters remaining in the Post Office" weekly is authorized to be published in that paper having the largest circulation, it is more than probable that a change will, before a great while, be made, and the advertising of the letters be transferred to the Herald. The failure of the "Illustrated News," may in some way account for the falling off in the circulation of the Sun, but of this we are not certain.

Linsdey Blues.

We cannot too sincerely reiterate our thanks to the gentlemen of the Lindsey Blues for their truly cordial invitation to join with them in their excursion, but we were compelled to deny ourselves the pleasure which a participation with them would doubtless have ensured us. In the language of "one of 'em," we beg to say—"Here's to you, Lindsey Blues!"

A Good Deed.

The persons doing business in Washington Market performed a truly Christian deed on Thanksgiving Day, in contributing nearly $600 worth of provisions towards getting up a Thanksgiving Dinner to the Children of the Five Points. We feel a pride in recording such deeds, and also in a knowledge of the fact that we have yet among us men with willing hearts and open hands, who take an interest in the happiness and welfare of those whose lot casts them almost on a level with the brute creation. All honor to those noble souls of Washington Market!

Nailed him tight.

The theatrical critic of the Daily Times has conclusively proved that Boureicault's "Fox Hunt" and the French play of "Sullivan" are as much alike as two peas. So much for this foreign manufacturer of plays."

Look on this Picture.

Louis De Corn, a "very respectable man," who *killed* the husband of a "very respectable lady" with whom he seemed to have been on terms of the closest intimacy, was sentenced for this little breach of the peace to an imprisonment of TWO YEARS AND TEN MONTHS. *This is law.*

AND ON THIS.

A young man named Weeks was tried on the charge of *robbery*, and found guilty. He was sentenced to an imprisonment of TEN YEARS! *This is a "leetle" more law.* But where is the justice?

"A thing of Beauty is a Joy forever."

Thus thought we while examining some of the most gorgeous and beautiful specimens of carpetings we ever remember to have cast our eyes upon, at the great depot of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery. Every taste can be here fully gratified to the utmost limit, and yet the prices charged are below those charged at other establishments. No merchant has achieved the like success in the same space of time as that achieved by Hiram Anderson, and yet the same success could be gained by others were they to pursue the same line of business as that followed by Mr. Anderson, which is embraced in that simple motto, "Small Profits and Cheap Sales." The interest of the purchaser is looked to in all business transactions at No. 99, so that it is a mutual interest that binds both seller and purchaser, and enables those bargains to be had which have rendered the name of Hiram Anderson so popular with housekeepers and others.

Be wise in time.

There are many remedies offered for the benefit of individuals suffering with chapped hands, &c., but none have ever given that satisfaction which is certain to follow the use of Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which not only prevents chaps, but also removes all signs of chaps, chases, freckles, pimples, and all disfigurements to which the skin is so liable. A superior article of Hair Dye is also manufactured by Dr. Gouraud, which changes red, light, or gray hair to a beautiful brown or jet black, and yet without the slightest injury to the skin. Persons desirous of eradicating superfluous hair from any part of the body, can, by using Dr. Gouraud's Poudres Subtiles, become fully satisfied as to its efficacy. Dr. Gouraud's Office is at 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, where the above and many other valuable cosmetics can be purchased.

The "Cap of the Climax."

We think our friends Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, those famous Hatters of 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, have fully succeeded in *capping* the climax, by the introduction to the New York public of their beautiful and durable Daguerrian Hat. Nothing In the line of this desirable covering for the head has met with such success as this style of hat manufactured by the above named gentlemen. Each purchaser has a daguerreotype likeness presented him, with no additional outlay to him, the likeness being fitted in the inside of the hat, thus being ornamental as well as useful. No other hatters can use this invention, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, the inventors, having a patent therefor, which amply secures them against all competition. Caps for target companies are also kept at the above establishments in great variety, and at low prices.

THE NEW YORK TIME PIECE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER

For the Edification of Everybody, &c.

The TIME PIECE has reached its second volume, and is acknowledged to be the most Humorous Paper in the United States. The proprietor begs leave to present the following figures that will be the Guiding Point for the Hands that move on its face:—

1st. We are independent.

2d. We intend to remain so in every political, secular, or social matter.

3d. We intend to administer only such wholesome literary food as shall keep the people from the alms-house of ignorance and superstition.

4th. The food for the mind will be of such a nutritious quality as will agree with the mind's stomach-thought.

5th. We will mind every one's business and our own besides—always regarding our own affairs as of paramount importance.

6th. Our Editors shall cudgel their brains each week with the clubs of fancy and fact, and thereby render the

TIME PIECE WORTH TWO CENTS PER WEEK! OR

One Dollar per year, or Fifty Cents for Six Months, or Twenty Five Cents for Three Months, all payable in advance.

☞ All communications, either on business or Editorially, to be addressed, post-paid, to R. B. HUTCHINGS, Editor and Publisher, 21 Ann street, New York.

S. T. WEBSTER LIGHT GUARD.

The SECOND ANNUAL PARADE of the above Guard will take place on the 22d day of December next.

The members are requested to attend Drill at the MERCER HOUSE on FRIDAY, the 2d inst, By order of Capt. W. H. COUPE,
HENRY GIMBER, Secretary.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER,

and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock

Christy's American Opera House,

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Sales Room No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Salis Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace. Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N. B.—Familes and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

City Amusements.

The Strangers' Guide.

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to strangers and others, the localities of every place of amusement in New-York City, together with the prices of admission, time of opening, and much other useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Wallack's Theatre.

Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and Dress Circle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.

Lessee ..... Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager .... Mr. Lester.
Treasurer ..... Mr. Charles Wallack.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.

The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake, Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham, Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson, Mr. Dyott,
Mr. H. B. Phillips, Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster, Mr. Ros,
Mr. Chandler, Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne, Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke, Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.
Miss Laura Keene, Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover, Mrs. Browne,
Miss Esmond, Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot, Miss Norval,
Miss Tayleure Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.

Broadway Theatre.

Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony.
E. A. Marshall, Sole Lessee.
Parquette and Three Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
Parquette and First Tier of Boxes ..... 50 cts.
Family and Upper Circles ..... 25 cts.
Admission for colored person in Third Circle ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7, commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr. Barry, Mr. Davidge,
Mr. Conway, Mr. Davenport,
Mr. Whiting, Mr. Lanergan,
Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Sanford,
Mr. Matthews, Mr. Vincent,
Mr. Walters, Mr. Barnard,
Mr. Wright, Mr. Henry,
Mr. Cutler, Mr. Duss,
Mr. McDouall.
Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Henry,
Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Abbott,
Miss A. Gougenheim Miss Portland,
Mrs. Fisk, Miss J. Gougenheim,
Miss Price.

Bowery Theatre.

Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery ..... 12½ cts.

Manager, ... E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ... Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, ... F. E. Wemyss.

Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr E. Eddy, Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn, Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn, Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens, Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb, Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.
Mrs Parker, Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell, Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.

Burton's Theatre.

Chamber's-Street, opposite the Park.
Manager ..... Mr. W. E. Burton.
Parquette, First and Second circle of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr Burton, Mr Holland,
Russell, T. Johnson,
Jordan, Barrett,
Norton, Fisher,
Andrews, Radcliff,
Levere, Moore,
Mrs Buckland, Mrs Hughes,
Burton, Brunton,
Cooke, Hough,
Miss Julia Melby, Miss Raymond,

German National Theatre.

Nos. 17 and 19 Bowery.
F. Kruger and E. Haman Manager and Proprietor.
Doors open at 7,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission—Parquette, and First tier 50 cts.
Parterre ..... 25 cts,

National Theatre.

Chatham-Street, between Rosevelt and James.
Manager ..... Mr Purdy
Dress Circle and Boxes ..... 25 cts.
Parquette for colored people ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7½,—commence at 8 o'clock.

Company:

Mr. Prior, Mr. J. Lingard,
G. L. Fox, H. Stone,
N. B. Clarke, Diamond
Siple, L. Fox,
Toulmin, Herbert,
Rose, Mack,
McDonnell, Daymond,
Lyons, Mitchell,
Cline, Smith,
Master Murray.
Mrs. G. C. Howard, Mrs. W. G. Junes,
Bannister, Bradshaw,
Miss Lingard, Sanders,
Barber, Cordelia Howard.

Niblo's Garden.

Broadway and Prince-Streets.
Proprietor ..... Mr. Niblo.
Parquette and Two Tiers of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Operatic performances by the Italian Company of Max Marczack.
Pantommes by the Ravel Family.

Hippodrome.

Junction of Broadway and 5th Avenue.
Doors open at 2½ in the afternoon, and 7 o'clock in the Evening.
Performances commence at 2 P. M. and quarter before 8 P. M.
Admission $1; 50 cts.; and 25 cts.
Equestrian Performances.

Washington Circus.

Corner of 39th Street and 6th Avenue.
Moore, Thompson and Mann, Proprietors.
Doors open at 2 in the afternoon and 7 in the evening.
Performances commence at 3 and 7½ P. M.
Admission to all parts of the house 25 cts.
Equestrian and other performances.

Castle Garden.

At the Battery.
Manager ..... M. Jullien.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission—Balcony ..... 50 cts.
Promenade ..... 25 cts.
Instrumental and Vocal Concerts.

Wonderful Woman,

Weighing 764 pounds, exhibiting at 410 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25 cts

Museum of Egyptian Antiquities

Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Gallery of Christian Art,

Paintings by the most celebrated Italian, Spanish, French and Flemish masters,
843 Broadway, near Union Park.
Admission 25cts
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Signor Blitz,

The Wonderful Magician,
And the Learned Canary Birds,
659 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25cts.

Panorama of Niagara.

Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway.
Panorama moves at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
Admission, 50 cts; children, 25 cts.

Seven Mile Mirror.

Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway,
Tickets of Admission - - - $1
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

European Magician,

Saloon of Chinese Buildings.
Admission - - - - - 25 cts.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Banvard's Georama,

Egypt, Petræ, and the Land of Eden.
Admission - - - - - 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Barnum's Museum,

Broadway and Ann streets.
P. T. Barnum - - - - Proprietor
Exhibition of Curiosities and Theatrical Representations.
Admission 37 1-2 and 25 cts. Open day and evening.

Spiritual Manifestations,

No. 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard,
Communications from Spirits every afternoon from 3 to 6; evening, from 7 1-2 to 10 o'clock.
Admission - - - - 25 cts.

Rheinish Belgian Gallery,

No. 663 Broadway.

Battle of New Orleans,

National Painting,
Sixth Avenue, opposite Crystal Palace.
Admission - - - - - 25 cts.
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Wood's Minstrels,

No. 444 Broadway.
H. Wood - - Manager and Proprietor.
Admission - - - - - 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Ethiopian Burlesques.

Company.

Mr. Campbell, Mr. J A Herman,
S A Wells, D Bryant,
J Bryant, T F Briggs,
J Myer, H M William s,
C. Grahame Hernandez.

White's Minstrels.

Melodeon, 53 Bowery.
White & Emmet ..... Proprietors.
Admission ..... 12 1-2 and 6 1-4 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8.
Negro Comicalities.

Christy's Minstrels,

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand,
E. P. Christy ..... Manager and Proprietor.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Ethiopian Delineations.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley ..... Proprietor
R. Bishop Buckley ..... Musical Director
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Lee's Minstrels.

GROUSE AND PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

How to find the Game.

AN OLD SPANISH POINTER.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Grouse and partridge shooting entail a considerable expenditure of bodily exertion, particularly the first, which has not been inappropriately styled, the fox hunting of all gun sport. But even these hitherto wild sports have, by the battueing system of the age, been shorn off as much labor in the pursuit as possible by the overcrowded quantities of the game, preserved on certain moors and manors.

In six days three guns are reported to have brought down two stags, six hundred hares, and one thousand three hundred and eleven grouse. Another party of four, within the same time, bagged one thousand and sixty-two brace of grouse, besides hares and other game. Individuals are also said to have secured from fifty to sixty brace each per diem. The result of this great slaughter has been, I am told, that grouse have been selling at two shillings a brace in the London markets. The season, however, has been on the whole unfavorable to partridges, the young broods having suffered severely from the heavy storms in the spring and summer. The habits of the partridge are little understood by the generality of sportsmen, who, where there is a scarcity of this game, often beat over unnecessarily a great quantity of ground, and tire their dogs to no purpose. As soon as the morning dawns, partridges leave their roosting ground to feed on the stubbles, where they remain until nine or ten o'clock in the morning. In enclosed countries they then draw away to dry pasture fields, sunny banks, potato grounds or turnip fields, or seed clover, which is a very favorite resort. Old and dry fallows also, are much frequented, where they pick up small snails and worms. About three o'clock in the afternoon, they invariably return to their feeding ground, on wheat, barley, or oat stubbles, where they remain until the evening closes in, then calling themselves together, they take flight to their roosting place, which is generally on a piece of old rough fallow ground, when the stubbles are much disturbed by shooters.

The gun of every steady and well-broken sportsman should be directed to one individual bird, but when the covey wheels round, I have seen some clever hands wait the birds crossing, and bring down their brace at each shot. This is a quick method of filling the bag, although not considered quite the legitimate one. Some men shoot with one eye closed, others with both open, directed along the barrel of the gun; but I have known some capital shots who never look at the barrel at all. When the birds rise, their eyes are instantly fixed on the victim, and the gun rises as if mechanically to the point. When a tyro, the instructions I received from a keeper (who was a dead shot,) were to close one eye, and to fire the instant the bird's head crossed the sight. This rule, I am fain to admit, was not always punctually observed, for having a fusil which was inclined to kick a few, it often happened that at the critical moment of pulling the trigger both eyes became closed, and with a nervous bob of the head, a most innocuous discharge against the feathered tribe was the result. A revolving gun should never be placed in the hands of a young beginner, as it is ten to one that it spoils him for a good shot, if not for ever afterwards, yet for a considerable time at least. Our keeper formed an exception, however, to this general rule, for he always shot with a violent kicker, because the gun would kill at long distances. There was on his right cheek a regular sore or raw established during the whole shooting season; but although receiving such tremendous taps that the blood often trickles down his face, he never bobbed his head, nor could we persuade him to resign his favorite.

According to the hour of the day an experienced partridge shooter knows where to find his game at once, without toiling over unlikely ground. The fields should always be traversed by the dogs against the wind if possible, and beaten over crossways. I have a decided objection to pointers scoring away straight over the ground, which badly broken ones will do, as they often leave the birds behind them, and in this manner I have known several coveys entirely missed by a rapid sportsman, and met with afterwards in the same fields by a more patient workman. The corner of a field is not the most unlikely spot to find partridges in, and every acre should be well tried, before leaving one enclosure for another. In open countries where there are scarcely any fences, dogs may be allowed a wider range, but still they should be made to quarter their ground. Some of the best pointers I have seen, both for nose and work, were from a cross with a foxhound. They required a good deal of trouble and patience in breaking, but I never saw them beaten in the most severe day. I have shot over many different kind of pointers in my time, but this cross was decidedly the best. The old fashioned Spanish is now almost, if not quite out of fashion, and no loss. I was once master of an individual dog of this species, the very ugliest animal of the canine race I ever encountered. He possessed, however, some good qualities, but it cannot be said of him as it is often asserted of plain bipeds, that good temper made up for a deficiency in good looks, as he happened to be just about the roughest disposition one could possibly meet with in the course of a life. Old Ponto would do very well if left in undisturbed possession of the field and his own way of beating it, which was in a long scrambling jog trot, and possessing a good nose, it rarely happened that he missed the birds. He would stand like a post until the gun was discharged, but down charge was an unknown, or rather an unheeded term, in his vocabulary, if he ever had one. Nothing could have made him submit to such a degradation as this, except a charge of shot through his head. The bird he would fetch as dropped, or if wounded would pursue until caught, and if in a very bad humor, he would ruffle him considerably before given up. This, I conclude, had formed part of his education before I became the purchaser of the aforesaid Ponto, and remonstrance I found to be of little avail. Upon our first meeting in the stubble fields, finding down charge and other such objurgations so little heeded by my friend Ponto, I took the liberty of calling to my aid a little auxiliary in the shape of a heavy pocket whip, which I thought might save me further explanations; but no sooner did Ponto set eyes on my little pocket companion, evidently to him an old and ot very agreeable acquaintance, than, without more ado, he came straight at me, and, seizing my coat collar, hung resolutely on, as a bulldog would do the bull's nose. This unexpected assault took me rather aback, but getting my right hand at leisure, I dealt my friend Ponto two or three such digs about the nose and head, that he was fain to let go, but showing an inclination to renew the combat, I just meditated giving him a taste of the butt end of my gun, which dire intention, clearly forseeing from the uplifted stock, he stood off, with bristles erect, awaiting the blow. It descended not. Second thoughts are often best.

A short description of Ponto may not prove wholly uninteresting, as exhibiting a portrait of the old Spanish pointer. He had very wide thick lips, the under jaw projecting like a bulldog's; neck short and thick, with a very short cravat; fore legs, from the elbow downwards, as crooked nearly as ram's horns; feet of the Dutch make, adapted rather for aquatics than gymnastics; back bone of the Rosinante order, without loins; drooping quarters, with a stern or tail like a paint brush; hind legs *a la grenouille*. Ponto was therefore no beauty; but having invested the sum of five pounds (a large outlay for a dog) in the purchase of the said Ponto, I was obliged to take him for better or worse. My father possessed a perfect kennel of pointers, eight in number, as beautiful as Houris, but these were never allowed to be used without the keeper's presence in the field. Ponto being my own property, I could do as I liked with him, and that goes for something with a youth of 17. So after a little more wrangling we became very attached friends, without his attempting to attach himself again to my coat collar. The appearance and working of my father's pointers in the field was the most perfect thing of the sort I ever witnessed. They were often taken out all together—eight bitches of one color, white, with tanned ears, and of beautiful symmetry. Their style of hunting, standing, and tacking each other was quite perfection. I remember on one occasion the keeper sending them over a wall just before he approached it, on the other side of which was a covey of birds. They of course dropped directly, but the last bitch was scrambling over the wall, when, catching sight of her companions, she clung on the top, and there remained until he had flushed the birds. In partridge shooting there should be as little noise as possible—no vociferous screamings of 'Soho,' 'Down charge,' &c., &c. All loud exclamations will produce the certain effect of scaring away the birds. A short whistle to attract the dogs, if ranging too wide, and a waive of the hand are sufficient. Our pointers were taught to drop whenever the hand was held up, so that if one dog took a point in one direction, whilst the other was quartering in another, a short whistle brought him round instantly, and, seeing the hand held up, he dropped immediately where he stood. There is a great deal of unnecessary cruelty often practised, too often, I fear, in breaking of young pointers. The best bred will, as a matter of course, require the least trouble; but with all, patience and good temper must be practised extensively to attain the desired end of willing obedience. The pointer is not so entirely an artificial animal as many have been led to suppose, although in a very modified degree. I have seen greyhounds, even in an enclosed country, when passing by the side of a hedge-row, stand suddenly still upon winding or seeing a hare, and, after remaining a minute or two, as if rooted to the spot, dash at their game. Spaniels and terriers I have seen do the same thing scores of times with rabbits or game in a bush. Foxhounds I have also witnessed draw upon a fox in short covert, and after standing a moment or two spring into and catch him in his kennel. I had once a greyhound which would stand partridges almost as well as a pointer, but a friend to whom I had mentioned the subject, doubting it, I took the dog out into a field close to the house, where we found a covey of birds. The dog stood them in beautiful attitude, with head and tail erect, and, having brought down a brace right and left, I presented them to my astonished companion. If two dogs meet in a road, coming from opposite directions, they will crouch down first, then draw upon each other, as a pointer does towards his game, then crouch again, or stand erect for some time before making a spring. This habit is natural to all dogs and other animals of a carnivorous nature. Lions, tigers, cats, and foxes approach their prey in the same manner. I also heard of a pig in the New Forest which had been trained to beat the fields, and stand game like a pointer. Well-bred foxhounds, from their progenitors having been trained to select a fox-scent from any other, follow the instinct of their parents in holding to this game; in fact, from constant addiction to one scent through succeeding generations, habit becomes second nature.

YACHTING IN ENGLAND.

A Formidable Force.

Want of space prevented us noticing last week the interesting lecture given by commodore Berncastle, on "The Rise and Progress of Yachting, and its Influence on the Naval Supremacy of this Empire." The Commodore spoke for more than two hours, and his lecture seemed to afford much gratification to the members assembled. Each of our eighteen yacht clubs was passed in review, the date and other details of its foundation given, followed by a statistical summary of the aggregate number of men employed, and sums anually expended in wages, fitting out of yachts, with various other information likely to interest the aquatic world. He also gave details of yachting in the Eastern seas, from his own personal experience at Bombay, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Canton, in all of which places yachting appears to be carried on with the same spirit as at home. He instanced, among other distinguished yachtsmen, the names of Rajah Sir James Brooke, and the lamented Mr Shedden, to prove of what importance to science and to civilisation yachting might often be turned; the one having thrown open to British enterprise that *terra incognita*, Borneo, and almost suppressed piracy in the Eastern Archipelago; the other having circumnavigated the world, and gone in search of Sir John Franklin to the arctic regions, when death put a stop to his glorious career, in the prime of life, at Mazatlan, the 16th November, 1849. Looking at our maritime position, he said that nothing could so much tend to strengthen and to elevate it as a nautical spirit diffused by the medium of yacht clubs throughout the length and breadth of the land. It might almost be styled a naval militia, since the eighteen clubs contained six hundred vessels, amounting to 25,000 tons, and carrying three thousand men, a force larger than the navies of most countries, except those of the first-rate powers. Such being the importance of the subject in a national point of view, he considered that he could with justice say, "that every man who devoted any time to yachting, devoted so much time to the service of the State." The Commodore sat down amidst great cheering, and has been requested to give a repetition of his highly instructive and interesting lecture. —*Bell's Life in London.*

THE BULL FIGHTS OF SPAIN.

The Amphitheatre of Seville—The Torrero—Matador—Picador.

Seville is one of the most lively and animated towns in Spain. The people are gay and jovial, fond of the dance and song, friends of pleasure, and enemies of toil.

It is here that we find the bull-fight in all its perfection. The Torrero and Matador are obliged to go through a severe course of training, at a school of Toromachia, and to show much address, before they are allowed to appear before the public; for the people are too good judges to allow any bungling in a performance to which they have been accustomed from their infancy. The bulls used for the purpose are allowed to run perfectly wild until they are old enough for the arena. They are then captured by tame animals, which are trained for the purpose; yet the operation is not performed without great difficulty, and much danger to the lives of the captors.

The day of a bull-fight is a grand gala-day; the whole town is in a state of uproar, contrasting strangely with the usual quiet which prevails in all Spanish towns. The stranger will not fail to be out early, to see the motley crowd of foot passengers and vehicles, moving onward through dust and din to the amphitheatre. Pretty 'majas,' in picturesque costumes, shoot their dark eyes at you as they pass; dashing looking 'majos' rush by on their gaily caparisoned horses; ladies of rank move on in their splendid equipages; while 'calesas,' donkeys, and dogs, and foot passengers of high and low degree, are all hurrying forward in one continued stream toward the centre of attraction. These are indeed 'cosas de Espana;' and the stranger who is in their midst is apt to believe himself sure enough in Spain.

The Amphitheatre of Seville is situated near the walls of the city, and is capable of containing from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators. Let the reader imagine himself one of them. At the appointed hour, the building re-echoes with a sweet strain of music from the orchestra. Presently, a large, massive door flies open, a gay cortege enters the arena. At the head marches an alguazil, who advances toward the seat occupied by the alcalde, to receive from him the key of the stable which contains the bulls intended for combat. This alguazil wears the ancient uniform of his order, which consists in a cap of black velvet, ornamented with feathers, a closely fitting black silk coat, and black silk net small-clothes, small cloak of black velvet, hanging from one shoulder, and large top-boots. He is followed by a dozen 'torreros,' dressed in the 'majo' style, heretofore described, although much more dazzling in colors and gold embroidery. After these come several 'picadores,' mounted on horseback, and armed with lances. The 'torreros' and 'picadores' now disperse over the arena; a flourish of trumpets is given, a large gate suddenly opens, and an enormous bull rushes forth, amid the shouts of the audience.

The animal gazes around upon the vast crowd as if paralyzed with fear. A murmur of disapprobation is spreading through the crowd, and the word 'cobarde' passes from mouth to mouth. But the attention of the beast is soon attracted to those immediately around him. The 'torreros' approach, and shake their red mantles in his face; his anger is aroused, he paws the ground with rage, shakes his huge head, and darts with fury at his foes. The excitement now commences in earnest. The agility of these 'torreros,' in avoiding the bull, is really astonishing. They dodge from one side to the other, throwing out their red mantles, upon which the animal wastes his strength, at the very moment you would imagine the individual to be lost. When all their artifice fails, and they find that they can no longer stand before the furious animal, they run with the speed of a race horse, and if too closely pursued, often leap the high barrier which separates the arena from the audience. When the animal is sufficiently excited, the 'picadores' approach, lance in hand, to offer combat. This is the commencement of a cruel butchery. The poor animal receives numerous thrusts with the lance, which he revenges by goring the horse in the most shocking manner.

It is now that the horseman shows all his address, by wheeling and jumping, and when he cannot avoid the onslaught of the bull, by raising his leg, and inclining his body to the opposite side of the horse, so as to avoid the blow himself.

It appeared to me that it would pain the most unfeeling heart to see these poor horses bleeding to death with their entrails trailing on the ground, still obedient to the will of their rider, still courageous enough to face the infuriated animal. Sometimes the bull throws both horse and rider upon the ground, and rushes with fury upon his prostrate foes. When these deadly struggles take place, and the life of man and horse appear to hang by a hair, the audience become excited to the highest pitch. The 'picador' generally manages to fall on the opposite side, and thus leaves the horse as a barrier between him and the bull, and makes his escape unharmed, amid the cheers of the spectators. Should he be wounded, however, or gored to death, which is not an uncommon event, he is immediately carried out, and replaced by a new combatant.

When the bull manifests no disposition to fight, a signal being given, he is attacked with small arrows, armed with barbed iron points, which are thrust into his flesh. These cause exquisite pain, and the animal soon becomes furious. At this moment, a 'matador,' armed with a long sword, approaches the infuriated beast. The bull prepares himself for a rush upon his enemy, but the latter dauntlessly draws near, and, as the bull leaps at him, dexterously steps to one side, and endeavors, with one masterly thrust, to dispateh him. This unequal combat of one man on foot against so powerful an animal, excites the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, especially if the 'matador' is dexterous, and is enabled to give the death-blow at the first pass.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The College Boys in their Glory.

These exciting and highly successful sports, after a postponement of three days, in consequence of the heavy rains of the week, came off with great 'eclat' in the college play-ground, on Saturday week, October 22. Two artificial brooks and six flights of hurdles formed a very trying and sporting-looking course for the steeple chases. The five courts, which had been extemporised into a grand stand, were found quite impossible to hold the crowd of spectators that thronged into the field; bonnets we noticed in numbers, the fair sex being ably and sufficiently represented. Great praise is due to the stewards, who, not content with merely orignating the plan of the sports, carried it into execution with a vigour and care which (now that the thing has been proved feasible) we hope will find worthy imitation in succeeding years. Mr. Southwood proved himself invaluable in his capacity as judge. Everything would have gone off in first-rate style but for the fatal enemy the weather. The first six events, under a clear sky, proved brilliantly successful; but, alas! *miserabile dictu*, at half-past three rain commenced, at four o'clock it poured, and though about half-past four rain stopped, the state of the course, more particularly the flat, may be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that the ground immediately in front of the grand stand and winning post consisted of a mass of liquid mud interspersed with broad pools of water, and the rest of the field was but little better. After all the events had been decided one of the fairest of the fair *belles* of Cheltenham enhanced the value of the prizes by distributing them to their respective fortunate winners.

First Race. Flat Race, for boys under 15; once round and a distance; Coddington mi 1, Price mi 2, Hewer 3, Won cleverly and easily; Price a fair second; 17 ran.

Second Event. Throwing the Cricket Ball: Bolton 1, and Elliot ma 2. Magnificently competed for. Elliott threw 95 yards, but was beaten by a splendid throw of Bolton's for 99 yards! five tried.

Third Race. Grand Steeple Chase open to all; once round and a distance; Kempson ma 1, Brancker 2, and Christie 3. Kempson led, made all the running, and won by three lengths; Brancker and Christie well up. Kempson's unexpected victory was greeted with the most enthunstic applause. Brancker was thought safe to win. 13 started.

Fourth Race. FlatRace for Boys under 12; once round; Barnett 1, and Clifton 2.

Fifth Race. Short Scurry, open to all 100 yards; Swiney ma 1, Cronyn 2. Panton 0, Brooke 0. In consequence of the number of starters all got off confusedly together. Wylie and Lawford, were put completely hors du combat by falling at the first set off. with these two exceptions every body came in. A dead heat between Panton and Brooke for third place. 26 started.

Sixth Race. Steeple Chase for boys below 15; grand steeple chase course: Coddington mi 1, and Newall ma 2. Run capitally by little Coddington; Newall a good second; no one else near. This was by far the most amusing race of the day. All these young ones seemed to think it a moral duty (long after every chance for them was up) to charge at the brooks; getting over was another question. First and second were the only two that cleared them; all the rest jumped pell-mell into the middle. We noticed one fellow walk deliberately to the top of the bank, seat himself on the gorse, and then resignedly slide in. 14 started.

Match between Messrs Kempson and Swiney; half round the steeple chase course; Swiney ma 1. and Kempson ma 2. Swiney ran off with the lead, was never headed, and won by a length.

Seventh Event. Running High Jump: Cornyn 1. No one else cleared the first height. Height unfortunately not measured,

Eight Event. Running Wide Jump; Elliott ma 1, Jacob 2. Elliott jumped 15ft 9in, beating Jacob by 5in.

Ninth Event. Standing High Jump; Cronyn 1, and Machell 2. Machell jumped well for second.

Match between Messrs Willie and Cronyn, Scurry course; Cronyn 1, and Wyllie 2. Cronyn won easily by a couple of lengths.

Tenth Race. Steeple Chase, open to all except the winner of the College Whip; first prize given by the Rev. P. Saundilands, second by William Newman, Esq: Howel 1, and Cronyn 2. This race was again thought a certainty for Brancker, who, however, in consequence of the miserable state of the ground, slipped at the double hurdle, where he got such a shaking purl that his chance was quite settled. Swiney here took up the running, and easily came in first. Howell, a tolerable second, received the prize, as Swiney had disqualified himself by running in cricket shoes. Cornyn a good third. Thirteen started.

Eleventh Race. Flat Race for boys below ten; half round; Bromby 1, Truell mi 2, and Ruthford mi 3.

Twelfth Event. Vaulting with pole: Moore 1, and Machell 2. Moore cleared 8ft 1in; Machell 7ft 11in.

Thirteenth Race. Long Flat Race, open to all; twice round: Chaplain ma 1, Stevenson 2, and Herbert 3. Herbert, who alone of fourteen starters came to the scratch fresh, dry, and clear, led, and made all the running; at the last bend, near the Northwich Gate, he was suddenly passed by Chaplain and Stevenson, and a fine home ended in Chapain's gaining the first prize by a length. Herbert a capital third

Fourteenth Race. Wheelbarrow Race, 100 yards, Flat Course; open; Gordon 1 1, Perceival 2 0, and Kempson mi 0 0. Seven started; four fell in both heats.

Fifteenth Event. Hop, Step and Jump; Elliott ma 1, and Jacob 2. Well contested; six tried.

Sixteenth Race. Steeple Chase for all losers of other prizes; handicapped on the ground: Percival 1, and Wood 2. Truell ma came in first, but was disqualified for having vaulted the double hurdle. Wood a bad second.

Thus closed one of the most brilliant re-unions that the play ground of Cheltenham College has ever yet witnessed, notwithstanding the opposition of the weather.

McFudd's Irish Letter.

Dere Muther—Peggy has cum at last, the Lord be praised, and after claspin hur to my buzzum wanst more, I felt ma hart at ais agin. The ship, she says, was several times dhriven aff her coors, by contrairy wynds; and twice crassed the Line—the line, she supposes, that that blusterin ould blaggard, Neptune dryes his Klothes an—bad luck to him for puffin & blowin the ship out uv hur way. I'm told he's one of the Haythen Gods—and whot else could be ixpected frum a Haythen, the stubborn divil.

Peggy was sick an the voyidge, but is now fairly recuvurd, and looks as fine as a fiddle. She likes this counthry much, but can't fur the sowl uv her, Kape hur ise aff the nagers, and won't beleeve they're humin beings at aul at aul.

As I tould ye it wud, muther avick, we wur marrayd immegitly aftur Peggy's arrival, and I need'nt tell ye that we had as fine a weddin party as was given by any uv the upper—ten.

We had lashins uv ivery thing that the hart cud wish fur, & we shall always luk back wid pleshure to the day we wur jined 2 gether in the holy bands uv matrimony.

After we cum from church—with a string uv carridges aftur us a mile long, & a half a mile wide,—and the Kumpeny assimbled, we fell to aitin drinking, dancing & enjoying ourselves to our harts contint.

I can't tell ye the names uv half prisint, but thare wus the Flyns, O'Gradys, O'Shaughnisies, O'Nails, Mulligans, Mulrooneys, Rillys, Farls, Caseys—and others 2 numerus to minshun. We had a fiddle blind uv an i, and lame uv a leg; a piper wid pipes which, ivery time he squeezed a bag under his arm, wud set up a most delightful squake.

Widdy Casey wus present, and altho hur hart must hav been sore, yet she dun aul she cud to make the time pass litely. I imajined shes' beginnin to pine already, and I may be the manes uv drivin her to an early grave. Such is the power we men possess over the harts uv the fare sex.

Well, we Kept up our divarshins until we stopt, and after havin wan danse more, and closin wid a glass uv punch aul round, we wint to slape wid light heds, as well as light harts,

Yours, SHAMUS.

THE TURF.

Union Course, L. I.—Trotting.

FRIDAY, November, 25, 1853. Match for $500, two miles and repeat, to harness.

H. Woodruff, g.g. Denis McCabe, - - - rec'd forfeit.
J. Whelpley's s.g. Wm. Tell, - - - - paid forfeit.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

THURSDAY, Nov. 24, 1853. Match for $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to 250 pound wagons.

C. Carl's br. g. Frank Forrester, - - - 1 1 1
G. Walt's b. m. Katy Darling, - - - - 2 2 2
Time: 3.15; 3.16; 3.18.

This race Forrester had all his own way. He had the call in betting at the rate of $100 to $80. Katy Darling was all wrong, and had no foot; was seemingly overworked. She kept breaking, and could not be brought down to trot steady, and lost in three siraight heats.

SAME DAY.—Match for $250, mile and repeat, to wagons.

Mr. ---- names br. g. Ratcatcher, - - - 1 1
Mr. Green names s. g. Tom Thumb, - - - 2 2

HUNTING PARK COURSE, PHILADELPHIA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22. Match, $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to saddle.

W. Woodruff's r.g. Taconey, - - - 2 1 1 1
H. Jones's br. g. Mac, - 1 2 2 2
Time: 2.29½; 2.29; 2.30; 2.36¼.

This was a heavy betting race. Mac had the odds on him at the rate of 100 to 20. A large amount of money changed hands on the trot. Mac won the first heat and was leading down the back stretch on the second heat, when he broke and out his quarter badly, thus throwing his chances out for the race. Taconey won the second heat and trot easy. There was a large attendance present and a good deal of excitement was shown at the result.

WASHINGTON TROTTING PARK, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FRIDAY, Nov. 18. Purse of $50, mile heats, best 3 to 5 in harness.

A. Winch's b.g. Hiram, 2 1 1 1
E. Dean's b. g. Taunton Billy, - - - - 1 2 2 2
E. Thornton's b.h. Cyclops, 3 3 3 3
Time: 2.46; 2.50; 2.49; 2.50.

Same day: Match for $70 between a trotter and a pacer, four miles out, to harness, between

R. Sherman's b.m. Trotter, - 1
A Carpenter's b.g. Pacer - - 2

	Time of miles.	Total time.
Time of first mile,	3.25	3.25
Time of second, "	3.25	6.50
Time of third "	3.15	10.05
Time of fourth "	3.38	13.43

Not so Bad.

Some genius in Philadelphia is about to distribute 2000 gifts after the plan of Perham. The following are the prizes: 1st prize, Splendid Horse, valued at $500. Next, 1999 hand books, descriptive of the Panorama and Life in New York.

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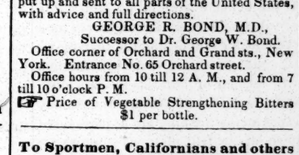

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